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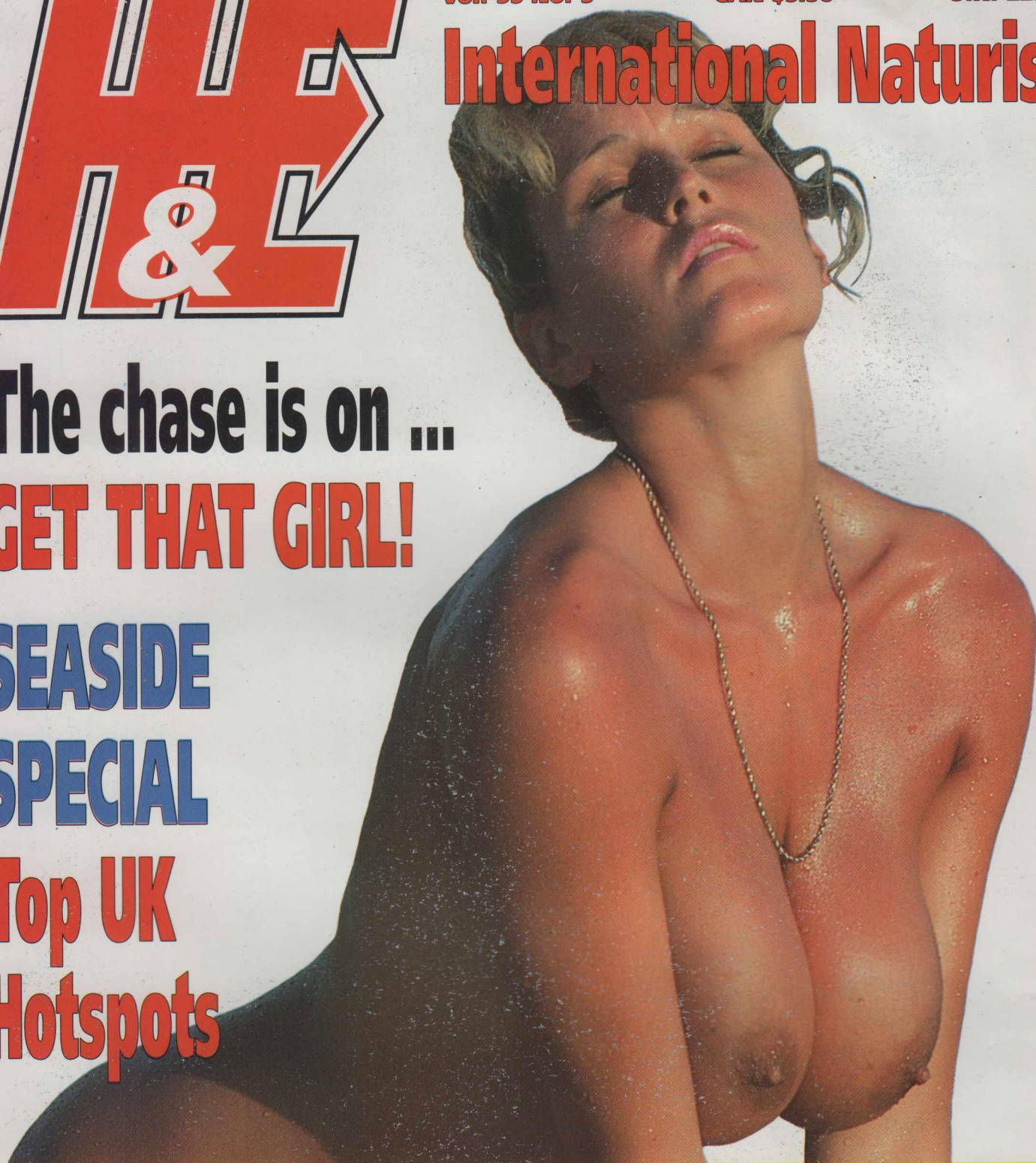
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**(Further details
on page 69)**



09 >



**IT'S TIME TO TURN
YOUR WHITE
BITS BROWN**



International Monthly

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Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely independent.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist and naturist scene. This includes the wider world, where nudity and naked living are accepted. We believe in the cause of open nakedness and intend to promote it.

We offer a wide platform so all can speak. We believe in tolerance and an open mind to all aspects of naturism. For this reason, the opinions expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the editor.

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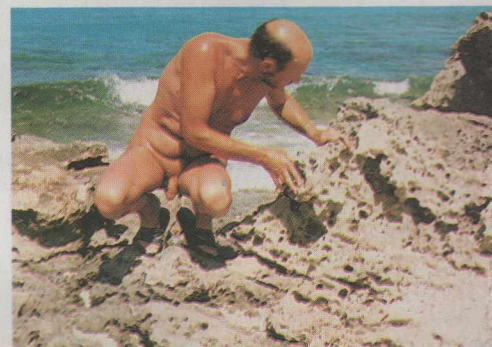
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Doesn't it make you sick that ... **Some Guys (And Girls) have all the luck**

**Irene J. Hoppe
- who's sick
as a pig
about the
injustice of it
all - meets
the people
with the
perfect
jobs ...**



All part of a working day.

Jammy so-'n-so! I muttered through the thick woollen scarf that covered my face and head. The place and time was a sub-zero February in America's Midwest about ten years ago as I was struggling to scrape off the ice that the previous night's storm had deposited in an inch thick layer on my car.

My comment was directed at the car radio where a smug actor had just said:

"I can't believe my good fortune. I'm actually paid for something that I would happily do for free."

I had plenty of time to contemplate his comment as I crawled the ten miles to work. It wasn't that I didn't enjoy my work as an advertising copywriter. I was with a good company and was quite adept at inventing superlatives to enhance the desirability of over-priced junk, but was becoming fed up to the back teeth with corporate politics, the gossip, back-biting, the hours, traffic and most of all having to stay so goddamn cheerful all the time.

American companies like hysterically happy, healthy, smiling employees with masses of shiny, bouncing hair. Nobody has acne, menstrual cramps, dandruff or athlete's foot and the only sickness that is allowed is either a specialised virus or a sports injury.

It must be lovely to have a career that surprises you when someone interrupts your enjoyment by begging you to take



The ever optimistic
Brigitte and Sylvia.

When I wimped out of the daily target shooting, Brigitte produced a pistol to shame me into action.

money for doing it!

My ideal job would involve making lots of money by travelling in a warm climate wearing as little as possible, preferably nothing, spending hours fishing or gathering fruit and nuts and learned conversations philosophising with a select group of like-minded people.

I couldn't actually decide WHAT I'd be doing, but those were the criteria for doing it.

I know of an author who, at the end of summer packs up her lap-top computer and wings her way to the sun until the clocks sensibly change back the following spring.

She delights in regaling us all with



Keep your smile like a crocodile.

nauseating descriptions of how hard it is to construct meaningful prose while humble natives keep pressing glasses of fermented coconut milk into her sunburned hands.

Others take life by both hands and cock a snoot at convention. While at the naturist beach of Cap d'Agde I found myself conversing with one of the handsome young men who tote a cart along the shore selling ice cream and soft drinks.

I thought this was a wonderful job. He was multi-lingual (English, French, German, and Spanish) was tanned a dark mahogany and I was curious to learn how he passed the winter months.

He said he couldn't bear to be cold and was averse to wearing coats, so, when the weather on the Riviera became inclement he departed to a resort in Mexico where he did the same thing.

These days having a working knowledge of several languages seems to be the passport to the more exciting fun-in-the-sun jobs. Ones that you would pay to do anyway instead of feeling guilty about getting paid. It is lamentable that both the English and Americans are so rotten

"I'm getting paid for what I love doing best. It's perfect bliss!" Suzi. Shop Assistant. Cap D'Agde, France.

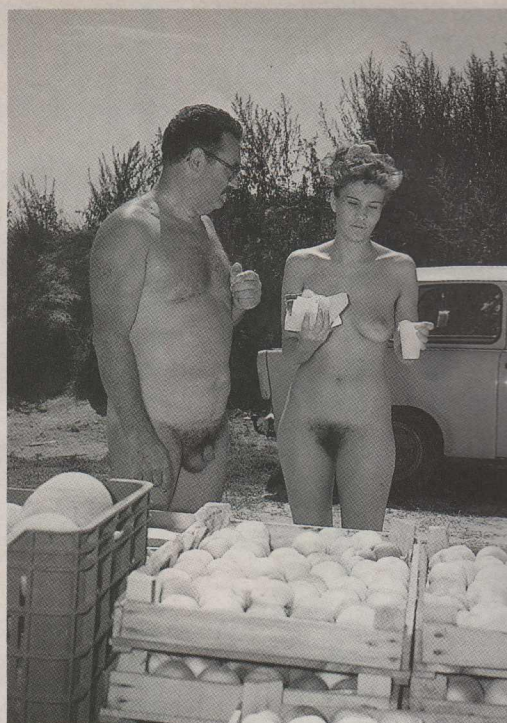
"My friends can't believe how lucky I've been. At the end of the day my feet ache, but the tan is fantastic and I'm meeting hundreds of people. Every week a different set of tourists arrive, so it never gets dull." Dave. Ice cream vendor. Nice, France.

"I'll always look back to my time in Greece feeling well ... I suppose both elated that I did it and extremely pleased that I won't ever have to do it again. One thing's for sure though, it made me see the world without rose coloured glasses. There are more people than there are jobs and if you don't have a contract it's very easy to lose your job over the stupidest reasons. Nothing to do with how well you're doing, but how your boss takes to you." Amanda. Tour Rep. Sykinthos, Greece.

"You can drink as much as you like and all the girls fall for you. What more could a guy ask for out of life!" Rick. Bar man. Cypress.

"I was over the moon to get the job. I had to dance in this club to get the whole thing moving at the start of the evening, then talk to people later on, well men actually, to get them to buy me drinks and make them want to stay longer - buying drinks. But my boss had a hidden agenda I knew nothing about. I guess I must have been rather naïve. There are some excellent jobs abroad. What I'm doing now is great and my boss is wonderful. You just have to keep your wits about you and not get taken for a ride." Sally. Waitress. Benidorm, Spain.

"I always had a knack for languages at school, so when I finished I applied for hundreds of jobs abroad, and here I am. I ski all day, then at night strip off and relax in the sauna. Both my hobbies catered for and I get paid! Wow!" Cassy. Ski Instructor. Grenoble, France.



Set up stall in paradise.

at conversing in other languages.

At Vera Playa Club I met four enterprising young people who had, because of their language proficiency, jobs that were the envy of all of us. First there was Caterina who was about twenty-four, pretty and intelligent with a personality like a miniature dynamo.

She worked as a liaison person for the Playa Group of five hotels and spoke not only her native Spanish, but also fluent German and English.

Caterina accompanied our coach on several sight-seeing trips and would give us a chirpy, running commentary on the local history and surrounding scenery, in all three languages, without even a pause for breath.

There were also three young women who ran the activities and entertainment for Vera Playa Hotel. They would announce upcoming attractions over the tannoy throughout the day. These announcements were made in the languages of all the nationalities of guests staying at the time.

One week, owing to an influx of Dutch and French it all got rather confusing and there was a lot of giggling over the loudspeakers as they switched languages.

First came Spanish followed by German, English, French and Dutch. By the time they had all been announced the 'five minutes that the water polo would commence in the pool' was generally up!

The Monday evening Bingo calling had to be heard to be believed. I often wondered if it was allowed to call a 'full house' before numbers in all the languages had been called. It seemed that the Spanish would have a distinct advantage in Bingo winnings.

These exuberant women led enviable lives. The oldest was Julia, a slim,



A pensive poodle.

attractive thirty year old Spaniard who was a genius at organising the clothes, makeup and music for the hilarious evening entertainment when guests would mime to popular songs.

Julia could make a swarthy man into Tina Turner and a slim girl into Michael Jackson - sporting a well endowed Cod Piece! She made the announcements in Spanish and French, but also knew a little German and English.

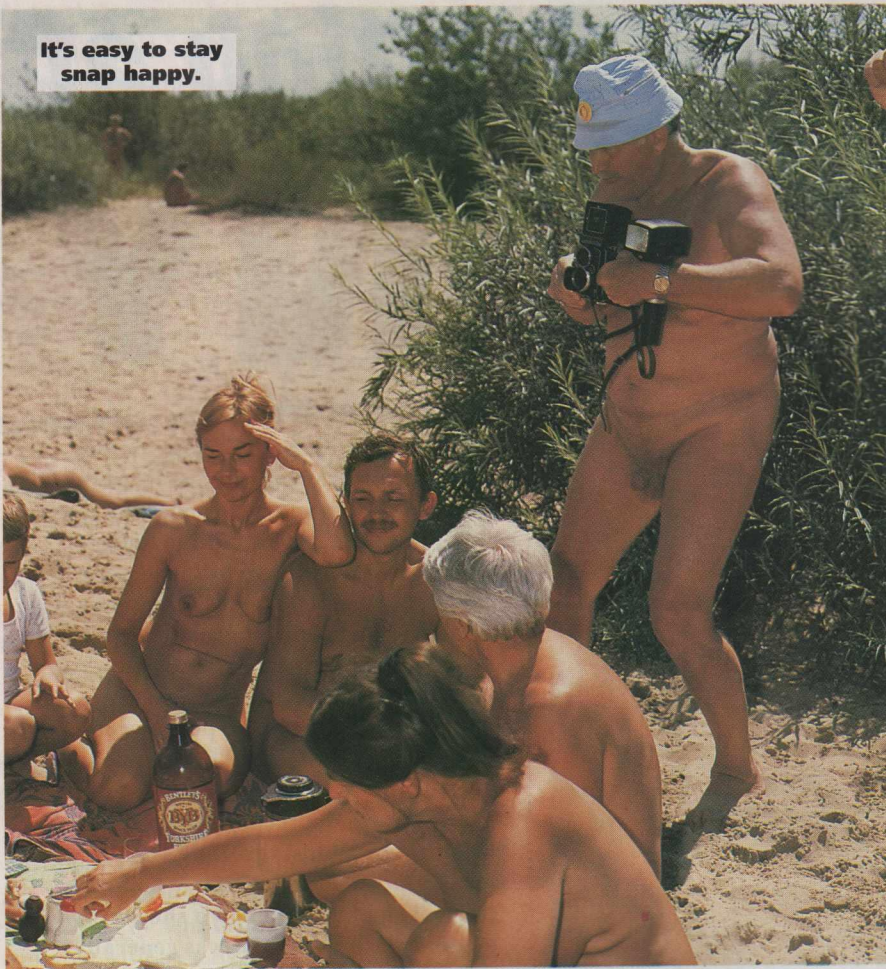
The other two were Dutch cousins; twenty-two year old Sylvia and twenty year old Brigitte. Privately I called them the 'Brunhildas' owing to their blonde Scandinavian good looks and endless optimism. This quality was demonstrated when, owing to my plea that I couldn't enter in the daily target shooting as I was unable to handle the rifle because of being left-handed (the sights were wrong), Brigitte unearthed a target pistol so I would no longer have any excuse not to make a fool of myself.

She also shamed me into joining in the water polo by claiming that the game was getting too rough with just the men playing. I frequently questioned her motives as I lay winded on the bottom of the pool with three large guys standing on my back.

I asked Brigitte how she had got the job of a life-time. She told me that she had come to stay for a few weeks with her cousin Sylvia who was already employed at the hotel and had an apartment in Mojacar and learned of the vacancy.

Neither cousin could speak Spanish, but their excellent knowledge of German, English, French and their native Dutch was all important. She had replaced a Spanish athlete who, although good at the sports, couldn't speak other languages. She had taken German and French in school and

It's easy to stay
snap happy.



also spoke very good English and I was amazed to learn that she had never had lessons or been to England.

She claimed to have just picked it up by conversing with other foreign students at college back in Holland, and she had paid attention as she wished to go and work in Australia in a couple of years.

Brigitte also told me that the main ingredient for her job was to like people and to stay smiling. She admitted that by the end of many evenings her face hurt with constant smiling. These women worked on a short contract and were sent to the other hotels in the chain wherever needed.

Vera Playa is the only naturist hotel, and she said that both she and Sylvia loved it the best. 'It seems so silly to go to other places and see people wearing clothes to swim in,' she laughed good-naturedly. 'We have to remind each other not to go naked in the other hotels. We wouldn't want to get arrested!'

What a life and what a way to earn a living!!



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37p/min at all other times.

**"Artists often
manage to live
the good life.
Tragic Paul
Gauguin is
probably the
most famous
lotus eater.
Determined to
escape from
European
civilisation,
whatever the
cost, he sloped
off to Tahiti
where he lived
an enviably
sordid life
painting, and
otherwise
enjoying,
dusky maidens
dressed only
in
Bougainvillaea
and shells."**



Beach vendors coast through the summer.

Peace and perfection at La JENNY

La Jenny is about 60 kilometres west of Bordeaux. Although we have driven down to this part of France before, we decided to fly this year. We then hired a car from Bordeaux airport and the journey to La Jenny took under an hour.

Life at La Jenny without a car would be quite difficult. The resort is quite isolated with the nearest village being Le Porge about 10 kilometres away. No matter how excellent a resort is, there comes a time for a change of scenery during a holiday so a car is essential. Interesting places nearby include the vineyards of Bordeaux, Bordeaux city, Arcachon and Cap Ferret to name but a few.

The resort consists of about 300 acres of grounds in a vast pine forest. So the aroma of pine is all-pervading. The population is about 2000. This is a family resort and there were very few singles to be seen. It was also refreshing to see an absence of the silly habit of tending to wear clothes in a naturist resort which I have observed in some places.

ADMINISTRATION

Reception is open from 8am until 8pm and the staff were friendly and all spoke excellent English. Bookings are from Saturday to Saturday and starts at 5pm. As there is no access to the bungalows until 5pm, this has to be taken into consideration when travelling so as not to arrive too early.

The Information Office is open from 9.30am until 12.30pm and from 4.15pm until 7.30pm. Mail can be collected and there is a fax facility for those poor souls who are unable to really get away from it all. Deposit boxes could be hired to keep passports and money which I always find reassuring.

Currency could be exchange but like all naturist resorts, the rate was poor and they clearly take advantage of a captive population. It's best to change your travellers cheques when you go on an outing.

Warm gulf-stream sea, vast areas of pine forest and endless golden beaches made the French resort of La Jenny the ideal summer holiday destination for Fiona Ashley. Here's her run-down on what you can expect ...

ACCOMMODATION

There is a selection of accommodation available with varying prices. However, all were of a good standard even at the lower end of the scale. So even if the budget is limited you do not have to spend your holiday in what looks like a Corsicana dog kennel. Having two young children we rented a Tourterelle. This type of bungalow can accommodate 3-6 people. We were comfortable but having 6 people would have been a bit of a squeeze. The facilities were excellent.

There was a double bed downstairs and two single beds upstairs. The kitchen was well equipped with an electric hob and fridge. The bathroom had a shower, toilet and wash basin and was generally comfortable. Bed linen was supplied and changed weekly but we had to take all our own towels. There was a wooden veranda outside with a table and chairs.

Our bungalow was a 20 minute walk from the beach. Although this is a pleasant walk, a bicycle greatly helps to get about the resort and there is a large cycle parking area by the beach. One bicycle comes free with the bungalow and other bikes could be hired. Although this was not expensive, the deposit required was. It was 800FF per bike and 200FF for a baby seat. This put us off hiring bicycles as 1800FF would have been tied up during the holiday and indeed it was more than the deposit for the car that we hired.

FACILITIES

There is a reasonably well stocked supermarket which is open from 8am until 1pm and from 4pm until 8pm for fresh bread, fruit, vegetables, meat and general groceries. Nearby is a chicken and chips take away which opens in the early evening.

There is also a shop selling general holiday paraphernalia such as gifts, suntan oil, snorkels, T-shirts, photographic film and out of date newspapers. There are plenty of telephone kiosks about the resort. Washing machines are available in the launderette from 7.30am until 7pm. A baby sitting service is also available.



THE BEACH

This is magnificent. The sand is golden and the beach is wide and seemed endless in both directions. The sea can be rough and dangerous but flags indicate this along with maps of currents.

The beach is supervised by lifeguards daily from 11.30am until 6.30pm. There are showers at the entrance but there are no other facilities. So food and drink has to be taken. Shade is also lacking, especially if you have babies and children to consider.

SWIMMING POOL

If you get fed up of the sea then go to the swimming pool. This is huge and magnificent, consisting of 1000 square metres. It is divided up into different sectors which makes it more interesting. It is supervised from 11am until 7pm. There is ample seating room nearby and a central sunbathing area and this doubles up as an outdoor theatre for the evening entertainment.

THINGS TO DO

There is plenty to do within the resort. For the golfer, it boasts the first naturist golf centre in France with 10 hectares and three holes with a practice range and putting green. For the tennis fan there are 10 courts available with lessons if required. A host of other activities are catered for including archery, volleyball, handball, basketball, table tennis, boules, weight training, gymnastics, aerobics, keep fit, water polo, horse riding, yoga, and a nature trail. There are also childrens' and teenagers' clubs to keep them occupied with video and a place of their own. After a hard day, you can relax in the sauna and have a massage before going out to eat and enjoy the evening events.

RESTAURANTS

There is a reasonable choice of eating places within the resort and credit cards are accepted. The Pizzeria was excellent. There



If salt's not your thing the pool is excellent.



Enough to turn Heidi green.

**"I wish I had
discovered
La Jenny
sooner"**

is a more varied menu to be had at the L'Ecailler restaurant next door which often has live music during the evening. The adjacent bar serves bar salads and tapas. The golf clubhouse also has a bar and grill.

If you feel like a change from La Jenny, there is an excellent Pizzeria 6km away and a further restaurant in Le Porge. After eating there is usually some sort of entertainment, which never seemed to start on time, consisting of an open air cinema, concerts or a swimming gala. However, the noise from these activities did not seem to be a problem for those favouring an early night.

CONCLUSION

I wish I had discovered La Jenny sooner. The facilities are excellent and it is probably the cleanest naturist resort I have seen. It is certainly more upmarket than Corsicana and Montalivet although less sophisticated than La Chiappa. We shall return!



Everything you could ask for - except shade!

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THE ART OF Nude Massage

Directed by Brian Sterling

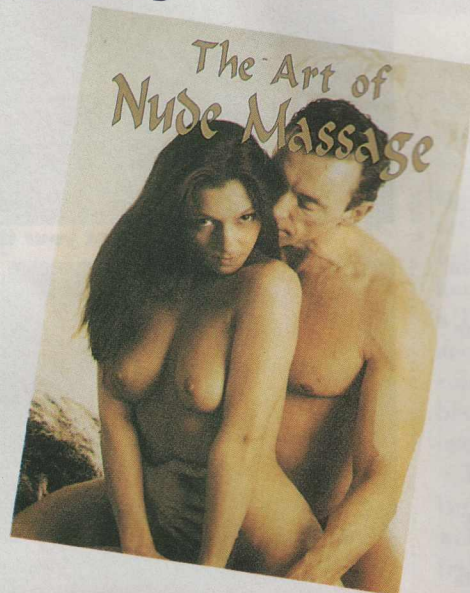
There can't be anyone out there who hasn't at some time either given or received a massage from a partner.

Usually it is just a cursory affair around the neck and shoulders, quite pleasant as far as it goes but nothing special. Well with this video you can change all that.

It explains the different techniques of massage. Apparently there are four basic ones effleurage, petrissage, vibration and percussion. It shows you the difference between them, what part of the body to use them on and how to combine techniques for maximum effect.

Massage, need not be confined to the more obvious parts of the body such as the back or the shoulders. Other areas such as the hands and feet, face and lips can afford intense physical pleasure from being massaged due to the great number of nerve endings concentrated in these areas.

In addition to where on the body to



H&E VIDEO REVIEW

massage you are given tips on where in the house to massage. Why not try mutual massage while bathing together where the warmth of the water is an aid to relaxation, or in the shower

where the force of the water can be extremely physically stimulating.

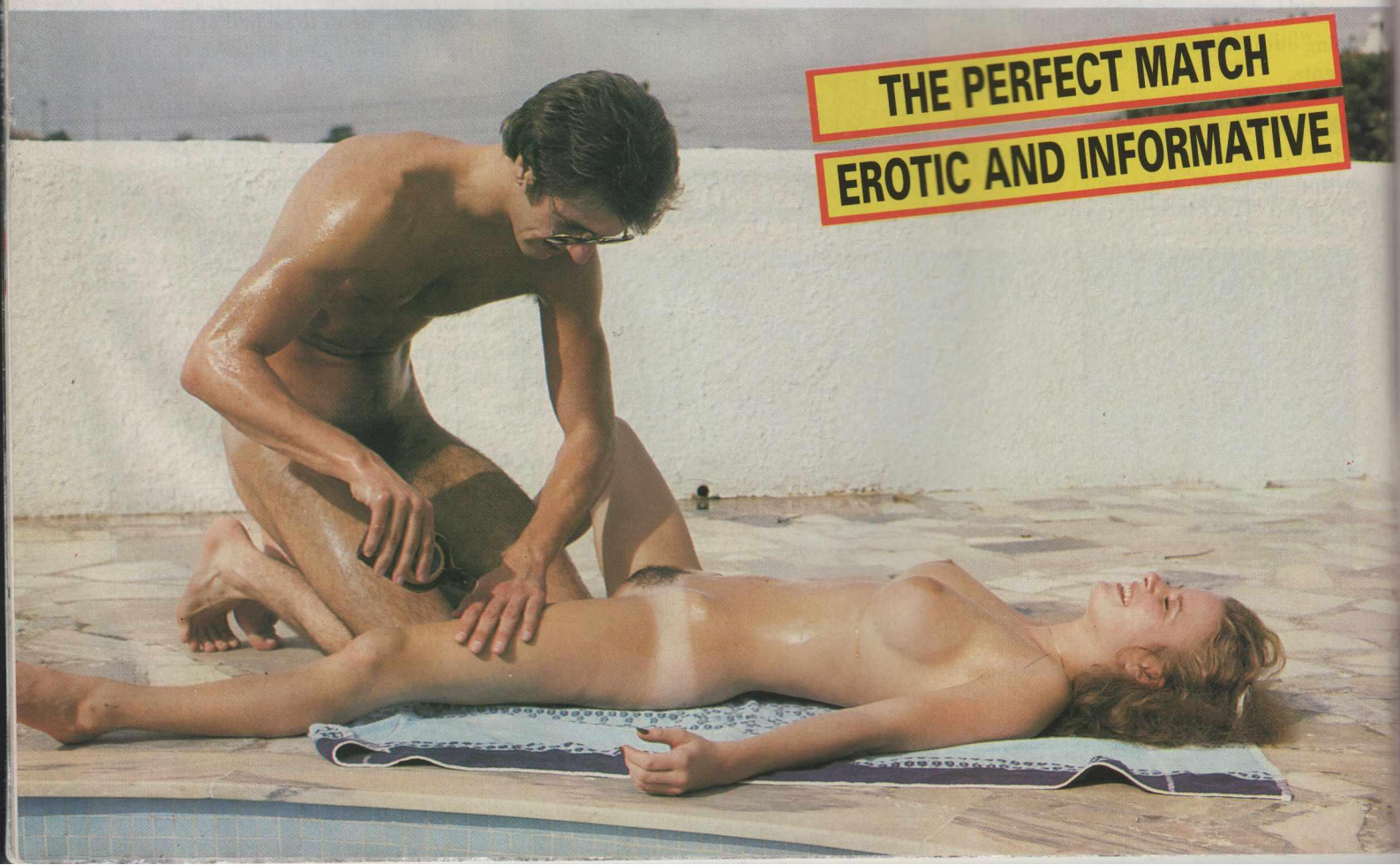
Criticisms? Well just one. Although it is made obvious that oils are an essential part of massage there is very little information given as to the different oils available and the pros and cons of each.

This video is that rare beast, something that combines a high level of eroticism with a great deal of information. Even if you never intend to get into massage you'll still get a lot of pleasure from watching beautiful people being as intimate as it is possible to be without actually making love.

If you are intending to get into massage as I am, this video is going to improve you or your partner's technique no end and pay for itself many times over in sheer physical pleasure. *Dave Keller*

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have to be all hard grind***

SUMMER CAMP



**Escape from a
summer's wet
weekends.**

"Yes that's great but you know it'll turn into a river once the rain starts falling." She didn't look particularly pleased at my help, but as it was me who would have to get out of bed to rescue them I wanted to get it right before things could even start to go wrong.

It was the end of a quiet season. Cheap flights and a hole in the ozone had encouraged most people to fly further south or to Florida for their summer's sun. Finally the couple settled on another spot and after showing them where to get running water I left them to settle in. They seemed a bit put out by the lack of a toilet block, but the idea is to get back to nature and at these prices I don't know what else they expect.

After five months the whole thing had become almost automatic. I still get a buzz when I look out of my chalet window and see green hills stretching out as far as the eye could see. But I no longer feel isolated in my little camp site and confidently greet new arrivals, knowing there is nothing they might ask that I haven't already been through a thousand times before.

I'd been lucky to get the job really. I'd applied for hundreds of things; from chalet cleaner to nanny - anything so long as it meant I could get away. They'd asked for

**Suzi Lauder
didn't fancy
launching
straight
into a
career.
There are
hundreds
of jobs
abroad on
offer if you
take a bit
of time to
look. Six
months on
a small
campsite in
the
Dordogne
seemed
like
paradise.**

fluent French and experience of camping. I exaggerated my knowledge during the interview, well don't we all? But I'd instantly got on with the people who owned the company and after a few initial hurdles everything was going fine now.

In the beginning I was too stressed. There is no point trying to keep everything perfect on a camp site. By its very nature you're bound to get things dirty. I must confess I'd been a little put out by the lack of toilets myself initially. Dirty T-shirts and shorts piled dangerously in the corner. I tried to ignore it for a while.

The tap in the field was ideal for filling pans and water bottles, but it didn't really compare to my twin tub back home. I washed in the river, and while I'd seen strange tribes from vanishing rain forests washing their sarongs in rivers on the TV, I'd never really fancied it much myself.

In early June a family from Holland arrived with a massive tent and four hyper-active kids. I could see they were experienced campers from the way they simultaneously put up the tent, fed the baby and organised the other three into clearing the area from stones which might rip the ground sheet. I was impressed, I was even more impressed when the whole family stripped off with a complete lack of self-consciousness.

My laundry problem was solved in an instant. It was the obvious solution. Some of the campers seemed a little taken aback, but most of them presumed it must be a naturist



Time for a little D.I.Y.





camp site and followed my example.

The months all ran in together. Half way through the season Jack, the man who had interviewed me, came to check up on how I was doing. I'd thought about putting some clothes on during the week when I knew he would be coming, but it was August and the sun beat down relentlessly from a blue sky. I decided I'd hear his car coming and would easily be able to dash back and slip something on in time.

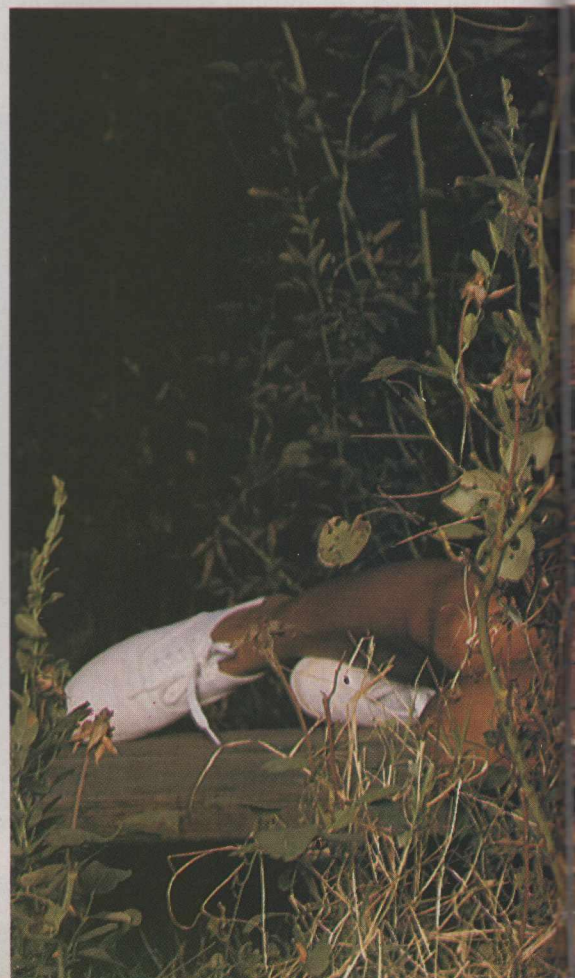
His jeep pulled into the field one Wednesday morning as I was being shown the intricacies of fly fishing by an Austrian family. We were all standing naked on the bank, intent on fixing the fly to the hook.

He checked through the books and then strolled over. He didn't even seem to notice we were naked.

Later he took me to the local town for a meal and to talk over any problems I might have had. I felt I had to say something about my new style of dress, and by the second course it seemed as good a time as any. He laughed when I confessed I'd been worried what he might think and said there was no other way to camp.

When he left it was good to get my little empire back to myself. The summer had flown by, I had a fantastic tan, was an expert at choosing a good Camembert and had converted hundreds of campers to a naturist life style.

HE



YOUR CHANCE TO WIN A FORTUNE!

... almost

WE WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY

The great new-look H&E is looking for hot new writers and photographers and we're offering fantastic cash prizes to the best. Full details will appear in issue 95/10 when the competition will start.

We want your personal experiences of naturism and we want them to be lively, funny, irreverent, witty, clever, outstanding and brilliant. Think you can handle that? Good, we thought so.

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Simply send us your best nude photographs. Don't be afraid to try a different approach – original or unusual pictures usually attract more attention.

Articles must be typed in double spacing with a word count. Each page should be numbered and headed with the author's name and address. Included SAE for return.

Photographs must be accompanied by a release form signed by the subject, who must be over 18. Write your name and address on ALL pictures and slides to ensure their safe return.

So there you go. Have a great naked summer, take lots of piccies, then tell us all about it! Mark your entries "Win A Million" and send it to:

H&E, 1st Floor,

64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.



Don't get shirty ... get moving!



Vanessa does not hate men, but regrets that the worst are really letting the side down.

Apparently there is an ever growing number of children, some as young as nine years and of both sexes, who are on the streets of England offering their bodies for sex.

I feel sickened and appalled by this. It would have had the same effect on

me wherever in the world this was happening, but I would have been able to think about it all more dispassionately. That does not make me a hard person, there are all too many places in the world where children are suffering greatly.

War-torn and famine ridden areas are the first that spring to mind.

In Mexico where

BAD MEN



Vanessa and umbrella take a stand.

abandoned children live and sleep on the streets - stealing in order to eat - the problem is dealt with by the night-time 'disposal' squads who quietly dispatch the ill-assorted bunch of children on their way to, hopefully, a better world, with the aid of a bullet or two.

Here in the so-called civilised part of the Western world such things could not possibly happen. We have not got our British bobbies gunning down our surplus children. We just 'kill them off' in other ways.

It's such a pity that most of the things put into this world for our pleasurable and gainful use can be used for extremely evil purposes.

The most pleasurable experience I can think of is sex. It is the most easily available activity there is in the world - needs no special training,

and everybody has the necessary equipment easily to hand.

There is no need for any particular preparations except condoms. However, isn't it always true that anything easily come by is often not valued, and abused?

Children are easily come by. It sounds like a hell of a lot of children are being abused on the British streets.

They generally have nowhere to call home, except the government institutions they are put into and which they constantly run away from, and selling sex provides them with a quick way of making the money they need for food.

I have now reached the real object of this article - Men.

As one adult female prostitute said when asked her opinion of the child prostitutes - 'They (the children) wouldn't be here if all these men didn't want them, that's what's really sick, the men who want them'.

Yes, Vanessa's going off on an anti-man tack again! It is after all men who impregnate the women who produce these children whom no one wants to care for in the first place.

Women have to take a small share of the blame in these days of the contraceptive pill.

But men have a wonderful power of persuasion where sex is concerned and are all too keen to get their end

away when they feel the need.

Unless a female starts the pill immediately she begins menstruating and continues until she has finished the menopause (not medically advisable) it could mean that for some fifty years she is pumping chemicals into her body.

Men must take a much larger share of responsibility for baby production.

Then what happens when these men have assisted in the production of unwanted children? Why, many of them go cruising around in their cars persuading the children to give them anything

sexual they require - blow jobs, penetrative sex, front or back - no matter. Boys or girls both have a suitable orifice, and anyway some men prefer stuffing their penises up the last few inches of a young boy's bowel

I'll bet a good few of them return home to the bosom of their family; a peck on the cheek for their lady wife and a hug or two for their own sons and daughters, who could well be, in different circumstances, the child they have just been abusing. To say such men are animals is to insult all four-footed beasts. I can't help thinking there was a serious basic design fault when men were created.



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**"Anything that's
easy to come by
is probably
abused"**



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Naturist men are always complaining that they can't find a female partner to share their joyful existence. Luckily Russell O'Connor knows the answer – you've got to give women what they want ...

The CHASE is ON!

A great misogynist, once wrote, "If there's such a thing as women's intuition, how come they always go out with the wrong men?"

Granted, it's not always their fault. For example, if they ask a man to give them TLC they don't expect him to give them a Total Load of Crap, but women never really make it clear as to what they really want from men which can cause some confusion.

I recently bumped into a friend of mine who was making a hasty exit from a restaurant.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'Nothing' he replied, 'I've just had dinner with my new girlfriend. She wanted me to be mean and moody so I left her to pay the bill and walked off in a huff.' Strangely, she wasn't impressed.

To help all you men meet women's standards here are the most often

WOMEN DON'T UNDERSTAND THE SENSITIVE ONES.



Part One: What Women look for in a Man

listed requirements by women and what they actually mean so as you can avoid making similar embarrassing mistakes. There are also some useful tips for women.

One of the main characteristics women look for in a man is a sense of humour. If you can make a woman laugh you are (a) not Chevy Chase and (b) likely to win some affection.

However, if you have got a sense of humour and you want to impress a woman it is always wise not to over use it.

At school I was so renowned for being witty - hard to believe,

I know that no one ever took me seriously. So, when it came to asking girls to go out with me, it was hopeless.

I'd say things like: 'Oh Denise, there's something I've been meaning to tell you for ages.... you see.... I really, really like you and I was wondering if er.... you'd like to go out with me?'

To which she'd say: 'Oh Russell, you're such a wheeze! Did you hear that, Sharon? Russell said he wants to go out with me. That's a good one, that is. I must tell that to the gang,' and promptly walk away down the corridor leaving me to shout, 'No, no, honest,' after her.

It could've been worse. She could've said: 'What are you on about? I'm not Denise,' because I seldom checked their names first.

At least having a sense of humour stops you from crying every time you get rejected.

Eventually, after a lot of persuading, and a promise that I wouldn't tell her friends, Denise did agree to go out with me. After a few months, I realised I had made a mistake and that she wasn't the girl for me. Rather than being cruel and telling all her friends about us, I decided that if it was my sense of humour that attracted her to me, I could use it as an excuse for getting rid of her. I had a devilish plan.

'Denise, you know when I asked you to go out with me?' I said.

'Was that the first or the last time?'

'All thirty-seven.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I wasn't serious, I meant it as a joke.'

'What, as in: "Knock, knock, who's there? Denise, will you go out with me?"'

'Yeah.'

'Oh Russell, you're such a wheeze!'

Even when I attempted to shoot her, she put it down to my outrageous sense of humour. It took us four years to split up. You have been warned.

Other women will require their men to be sensitive. They may however, not want them to be too sensitive. For example, if she invites him indoors and turns on a radiator at one end of the room, she wouldn't want him to shout, 'Ouch, that's really hot,' if he's standing on the opposite side.

If you're a man, sensitivity is an

emotion to avoid. Girls will, in general, always find you more attractive if you're a member of the Hitler Youth or have a Swastika tattooed to your forehead. It's only when they reach middle age do they realise they wanted someone who'd treat them nicely after all, by which time, it's too late.

If you are sensitive and you manage to strike up a relationship with a girl, expect to hear the line: 'Oh Billy, I really, really like you, you're not like all the other boys, you don't think of me in a sexual way. You're more like a brother to me.'

Women take note: This is perhaps the worst thing you can say to a boy who desperately, desperately, likes you but is too sensitive, too polite, too respectful, or too shy to manhandle you. It doesn't mean he doesn't want to eventually but telling him that gives him no chance whatsoever and deflates his ego.

No boy who knows any unattached girl wants to be treated by her as a brother. If he did, he'd give her parents adoption papers to fill in.

I know a sensitive, polite, respectful, shy boy who has accumulated more sisters than 3,000 convents in his relatively short lifetime and, whilst he's grateful for having so many platonic friends, he says it can be bloody annoying having nobody think of him in a sexual way. It is therefore advisable for men to remember not to be too sensitive to avoid a similar fate to me.... ahem, to him!

Honesty is one of the most common requirements looked for by a woman in her man. Unfortunately, most men believe that honesty is the best policy unless you are talking to a woman. The only time you know a man is telling the truth is when he says he's lying in bed. Basically, he knows it's the best place to tell lies.

Even so, if I were to tell you that all

WOMEN LIKE THE MEAN TYPE



WOMEN LIKE MEN WITH A SENSE OF HUMOUR

men were born liars you probably wouldn't believe me, but honestly, it's true.

It is common and right for a woman to be suspicious of any man who tells her that he has a wife, six children and a mistress as there is probably something sordid he is keeping from her, like, he is really single. Men are like that. They'll do and invent anything to avoid seeing a woman if they can, and women can get very hurt wondering where men are and who they are with when really, they're cheating on them by being on their own all the time watching football.

Most women will often complain that their man isn't very romantic. The problem is that most men know that there is a fine line between being romantic and making an idiot of yourself.

If a man in a TV commercial jumps off a high cliff swims shark-infested waters and over-powers a crack SAS team before delivering a box of soggy chocolates, he is romantic.

If a man does the same thing for a loved one he is told that there was a perfectly good sweet shop over the road. Being romantic and being an idiot depends largely and unfortunately on the attitude of the woman.

Some women have only themselves to blame for their men not being romantic. For no matter how much a man tries to be romantic, some women won't call him romantic. They'll either think of him as an idiot or they'll call him cute. No man likes to be called cute. Babies are cute, teddy bears are cute men are not cute. Being called cute is as bad as being treated as a brother in the credibility stakes. That is why men, in general, aren't very romantic. Sad but true.

Having analysed and dealt with some of the more common problems, I must confess there are some areas of a woman's requirements that still baffle me.

For example many women ask for a professional man. But what is a professional man? In my experience all men are good at being men, (apart from transvestites, who are good at being women) and have years of experience. If you could take up being a man professionally and make a living out of it, all men would.

Some women ask for their men to be strong. Even the weakest men I know can carry shopping bags or shift furniture, so how strong do they want them to be? What do they want them to do, pull aeroplanes with their teeth? It's always puzzled me.

Other women should show caution when asking for their men to be strong and solvent because should these men turn violent towards them, they may find themselves victims of solvent abuse.

Many women ask for their men to be practical then get disappointed when they realise that the man can't be folded away and put into cupboards; other women who want men to be interesting should be prepared to meet a man with three noses; whilst women who want loyalty, faithfulness and companionship will, unfortunately, have more luck trying a pet shop.

And finally one important thing to remember is that all women, above all else, want their men to be genuine, so never send a mannequin to pick her up from home.

HE

Sex and the Naturalist, find out more, ring 0891 112530
all calls charged at 49p/min peak rate and 37p/min at all other times.

The image may be more croaky than jokey, but it's ... **OK Croquet**

Alison gets frisky on the lawn with a load of club-swinging sportsmen.

For many croquet must conjure up images of genteel Edwardian tea parties with the ladies in billowing white summer dresses and parasols; the chaps in white flannels and boaters; cucumber sandwiches and the occasional solid wooden clunk of mallet on ball.

I have been playing croquet on and off since grass-orientated equivalent of snooker

has borne little resemblance to the popular image.

Neither, I am ashamed to admit, have they paid much heed to the rules and Croquet Association.

The latter organisation, apart from publishing the Laws of Association Croquet, produce a helpful little pamphlet about the game, which, in its introduction, says: 'In most of these versions croquet is played with no boundaries and a favourite trick is to bash an opponent into the shrubbery or the rhubarb, which has led to the myth that croquet is a vicious game.'

That statement certainly sums up one memorable experience of mine when, with three others, we finished up trying to clobber each other's balls into the duck pond on the village green some three hundred yards from the lawn where we had started; when all four balls were bobbing happily on the water, much to the amazement of the ducks, we all retired to the pub where "shove ha'penny" seemed a much more peaceful and relaxing alternative.

I remembered this with a smile when Maria suggested we had a game in the secluded garden of a mutual friend. Maria, who is well acquainted with the rules of Association Croquet, was kind enough to explain them to me together with some of the more interesting tactics; though I have to admit that it was me who suggested stripping off as it was such a warm, sunny afternoon!

The result of all this was a thoroughly enjoyable session of sporting naturism (which has, incidentally, been recorded for your enjoyment in our film *Naturism U.K.*) and it has prompted the thought that croquet is an absolutely ideal game for naturists.

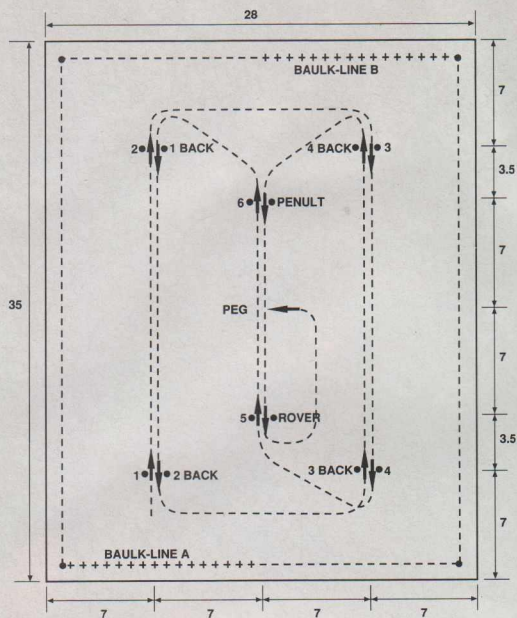
It is different from many sports in that it requires tactical and sometimes delicate skill rather than physical strength or fitness; therefore it can be enjoyed by young and not so young of both sexes.

Whilst the official size of the court is ideally 35 yards by 28 yards, the game can just as well be played in a smaller area. How about clubs forming croquet teams? If you are interested in having a go at this splendid game you'll find the Croquet Association (071-736-3148) very happy to provide all necessary information. *(continued overleaf)*





**"A favourite trick is
to bash an opponent
into the shrubbery"**



All distances are in yards.

Only the outer continuous line (the boundary line) is marked on the court.

The Yard-line is one yard from the Boundary line and parallel to it. It is indicated on the plan as a dotted line on which the two starting, or Baulk, lines are shown.

The order of making the hoops is indicated by arrows starting from Hoop No. 1.

The starting hoop has a blue crown and the final, or Rover, hoop has a red crown.

"We finished up trying to clobber each other's balls into the duck pond, to the amazement of the ducks."





FACT BOX

ASSOCIATION CROQUET

(A synopsis of the game)

Association Croquet is played with four balls, Blue and Black versus Red and Yellow, on a court containing six hoops and a centre peg (see diagram). The Game can be played as singles or doubles, each player in doubles playing with a particular ball throughout the game.

Each ball must run a set course, as shown in the diagram, going through each hoop twice in a specific order and direction and then hitting the peg. The side which first completes this course with both its balls wins the game. Thus the winning side has 26 points to score (12 hoop points and the peg point with each ball).

A ball scores a hoop point when it passes right through a hoop in its correct order ('runs a hoop') in one or more strokes. The point is scored whether the ball is struck directly by the player or by another ball.

Clips coloured to match the balls are placed on the hoops or peg to indicate the next point for each ball. The clips are placed on the crown of a hoop for the first six hoops and on the side of the hoop for the last six.

The sides take alternate turns. In the first four turns the four balls are played from one of the starting lines ('baulk lines') at each end of the court. There is no strict order of playing the balls. Once the four balls are on the court a side chooses which of its two balls it shall play in each turn.

A turn consists initially of one stroke only, but extra strokes can be earned in two ways:

(i) If the player's ball runs a hoop, he is entitled to another stroke.

(ii) If the player's ball hits another ball ('makes a roquet'), he places his own ball in contact with the other ball and then strikes his ball so that the other ball moves or shakes ('takes croquet'). After this the player is entitled to one further stroke.

The player may roquet and thus take croquet from each of

the other three balls in succession in any turn; each time his ball runs a hoop he may repeat this process. Thus, by a combination of taking croquet and running hoops, a series of points can be scored in a turn ('making a break').

A turn ends when the player has made all the strokes to which he is entitled, or if he sends a ball off court when taking croquet, or if he makes a fault as defined in the Laws. A turn does not necessarily end if a ball is sent off court in any stroke other than taking croquet.

At the end of each stroke any ball which has been sent off court is placed a yard inside the boundary ('on the yard-line') nearest to where it went off, and any ball lying between the boundary and the yard-line, except the player's own ball, is also replaced on the yardline.

When a ball has scored its last hoop point ('becomes a rover') it can score the peg point either by the player hitting it onto the peg or by being hit onto the peg by another rover ball. The ball is thus 'pegged-out' and removed from the court.

In handicap games the weaker side receives a number of extra turns ('Bisques') which may be taken singly or in succession, at the end of any turn.

The game of Association Croquet is in essence a tactical struggle with each player trying to manoeuvre both his own and his opponent's balls to make points for his side whilst restricting his opponent's chances of doing the same by careful positioning of the balls at the end of his turn.

Two publications designed to help the beginner are "Know the Game - Croquet" and "Basic Laws of Croquet". These, and various other publications for the more advanced player, can be purchased from the Secretary, The Croquet Association, The Hurlingham Club, Ranelagh Gardens, London SW6 3PR, who will also be pleased to answer enquiries about the game, clubs, tournaments, etc.



Marianne



DON'T BANK ON THE BLANKS

After many years of trying with a couple of partners (one after the other, not together!) I finally came to the conclusion that I must be infertile. I went to a doctor who told me my sperm count was very low. Although many men envy me because I never have the risk of making a woman pregnant, I do want to have a child of my own. Is there anything I can do? I know there is artificial insemination, but I want my own child, not somebody else's!

There is some confusion in your mind concerning artificial insemination. There are techniques where the sperm of

a man with a low sperm count can be artificially inserted into his partner - the techniques give a greater chance of fertilisation. This means that the child would be your child, not somebody else's. You need to clarify with your doctor if this is an option for you or not. I am afraid that current medical practice doesn't seem to have any techniques for increasing a low sperm count.

LIE BACK AND THINK OF JAWS

I used to be a fervent naturist and a model of swimwear and sportswear. When my son was born some months ago, I had to have a caesarian section and because I am fair and have

very few pubic hairs, the scar is very noticeable. I feel I cannot take my clothes off in public now because my body is ruined.

Way, way back when I wrote the very first Marianne column for H&E I talked about this very problem. I think it is a great tragedy for women that whilst scars are acceptable and even sexy on a man, they are somehow seen as unattractive and unwomanly on a woman. What I said then was: "Imagine the scene in the first Jaws film where the men are sitting in the cabin waiting for the shark to arrive. They pass the time by showing off their various battle scars and boasting about how they got them. Wouldn't it be nice if a woman had been there to reveal her tummy and say 'I

For a personal reply to your problems, write to Marianne La Mauve, H&E, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.

got this scar giving birth to my child' and don't you think she would have been the winner of the best scar competition?

I still think we need to work hard at changing these attitudes. What is more important and more valuable than giving birth to a healthy baby? There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't wear your battle scar with pride.

MARIANNE'S PUT HER FOOT IN IT!

I have been somewhat rebuked by a very knowledgeable writer who has commented on something I said a few months ago about transporting pets across national boundaries. He reminds me, quite rightly, that rabies, foot and mouth disease, warble fly and brucellosis could all become rampant in Britain if people were allowed to bring in animals from the Continent. When I said that the law governing animal transportation would have to change, I wasn't suggesting I welcomed that change, I was simply pointing out that Britain's adherence to the Maastricht treaty would obligate us to make some alterations to current policy.

SPARE THE PORN AND SPOIL THE PICTURE

I would like some advice about what is and what is not considered pornographic. My girlfriend and I have a couple of posters up in our flat: one is a German tourist poster showing a nude family, the other is a page from British Naturism which shows a group of young naked children playing on a beach. We don't think they are offensive, but given the recent spate of prosecutions for child pornography, can you advise us as to whether we are taking any risks in having them on view?

No, I can't. The laws on what constitutes pornography are subject to interpretation and context. I am perfectly sure that the pictures you describe are innocent and delightful, but I am obviously a biased observer. To be absolutely safe

you should probably not have them where members of the general public might see them. It's an unpleasant state of affairs to have to consider such things at all, but when in doubt it is always better not to invite confrontation. A French reader recently informed me that he risked being prosecuted for having a picture of a naked boy on his desk at work. The boy was four years old and the desk belonged to his proud grandfather, who had also been the photographer.

ANTS INVASION? SNOW JOKE!

Yet another knowledgeable reader has kindly passed on a useful tip about ant invasions. Some time ago I wrote about a reader whose patio had been invaded by ants. What hadn't occurred to me then, but has since, is that if the ants invade your house you cannot use boiling water, anticide or other drastic methods to get rid of them. The tip is; put talcum powder across the ant trails wherever they enter the house, it seems that they can't bear the stuff and will soon give up and look for a more pleasant place to tramp through!



Bridge over troubled waters ...



Can I help?

DON'T FALL FOR IT ANY MORE

My boyfriend is eighteen and he has been pressuring me for several months to have sex with him. I am only sixteen and a virgin. I love him very much but I'm just not sure I'm ready for this. How can I persuade him to accept my decision to wait without losing him altogether?

If you don't want to, then you don't have to. I'm really disturbed by the idea that you are being pressured into sex. It sounds to me like this is a very one way love affair; you want him to have what he wants and he just wants sex. What about his feelings for you? If you want to share loving experiences and remain a virgin there are plenty of safe, pleasant and exciting ways to pleasure each other; a browse through the adult section of any good large bookshop will show you that all love-making guides contain sections on pleasures that do not involve penetrative sex. Don't ever give in because of pressure; lovemaking is mainly done with the mind and the heart, not the body. If you are not fully confident about what you are doing then it won't be love you are making, it will be concessions to romantic blackmail.

HE

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The Dreaded Demon of ... IMPOTENCE!

It happens to everyone once, they say. George Target unravels what are often complex reasons for such a fundamental problem.



He's certainly heading in the right direction.

We're conditioned to believe that any "real" man should be able to function at the lowering of the nearest knickers - but impotence happens to the best of us from time to time.

First off, let's be logical. You can't expect to put in a full day at work, travel home for an hour or slump in front of the telly, then expect to trot upstairs after midnight and enjoy a complete performance.

You may have been stimulated by those few flickering seconds of panting full-frontals in the late movie -but you're knackered before you reach the bed.

So give yourself a chance: you need prime quality time for sex.

Impotence has usually been assumed to be more of a psychological than physical problem - yet there are several bodily conditions which can cause it. Most are quite easy to put right.

Perhaps your foreskin is too small for the size of your penis, and prevents full erection? Are your endocrine glands working properly? Did you have mumps as a child? Is your thyroid active enough?

Then there are various diseases of the kidneys - and one of the first symptoms of late developing diabetes may be impotence. Pernicious anaemia, even blood-pressure - and what about your prostate?

Happily all these conditions can be treated, so first, make sure it's nothing which can't be cured by the course of medication or a simple operation.

But if there's nothing wrong with your body, and you still can't raise a flicker of interest out of your reluctant penis, the reasons may stem from something that happened to you as a child or young adult and have been stored deep in your mind, ready to pounce and make trouble.

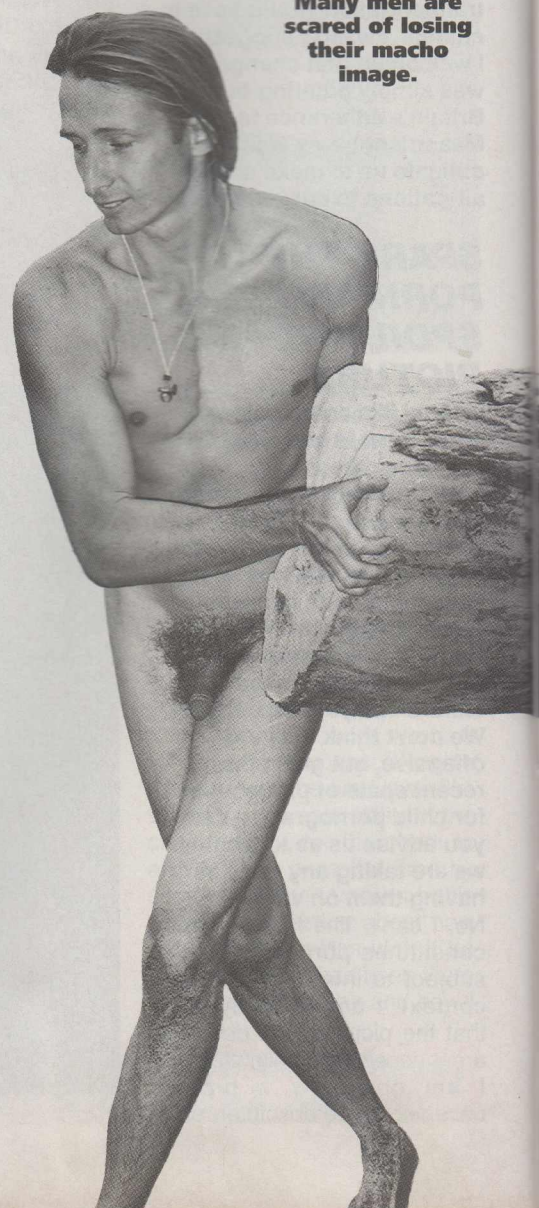
Your problem may be related to the suppression of your deeper emotions. "Men don't cry" is only one of these old lies, another being that "men don't express tenderness because it's a sign of weakness."

Most men are still brought up to believe that to lose control during sexual ecstasy is in some sense unmanly, and puts you into the power of a woman. In extreme cases the "inner" man seems to prefer being impotent rather than appear "soft" or "romantic".

You might have been brought up by religious parents who regarded sex as sinful and never discussed it with you.

Or you might have a history of alcoholism or drug-taking. Maybe your first sexual experience was a disaster.

Perhaps a woman has thoughtlessly - or even deliberately - reproached your inability to satisfy her needs - you never



Many men are scared of losing their macho image.

seemed to last long enough to give her an orgasm.

Or you may have been married to a nagger who has chewed off your balls in every other way so that you've lost confidence as a sexual man.

If any of these circumstances sound familiar to you, then you ought to seek some sort of personal counselling, perhaps go in for a course of psycho-therapy.

Such therapy seeks to trace the causes in the repressed memories of significant events in life, and, by bringing them to the surface, enable you to understand them for what they really are: no longer lurking demons, but simply memories.

One brief example: Once you have seen the connection between, say, your mother making you feel "dirty" for "playing" with your penis as a baby and your present temporary impotence, then you are able to replace the induced guilt of childhood with the known pleasures of sexuality, and so be restored to full working order.

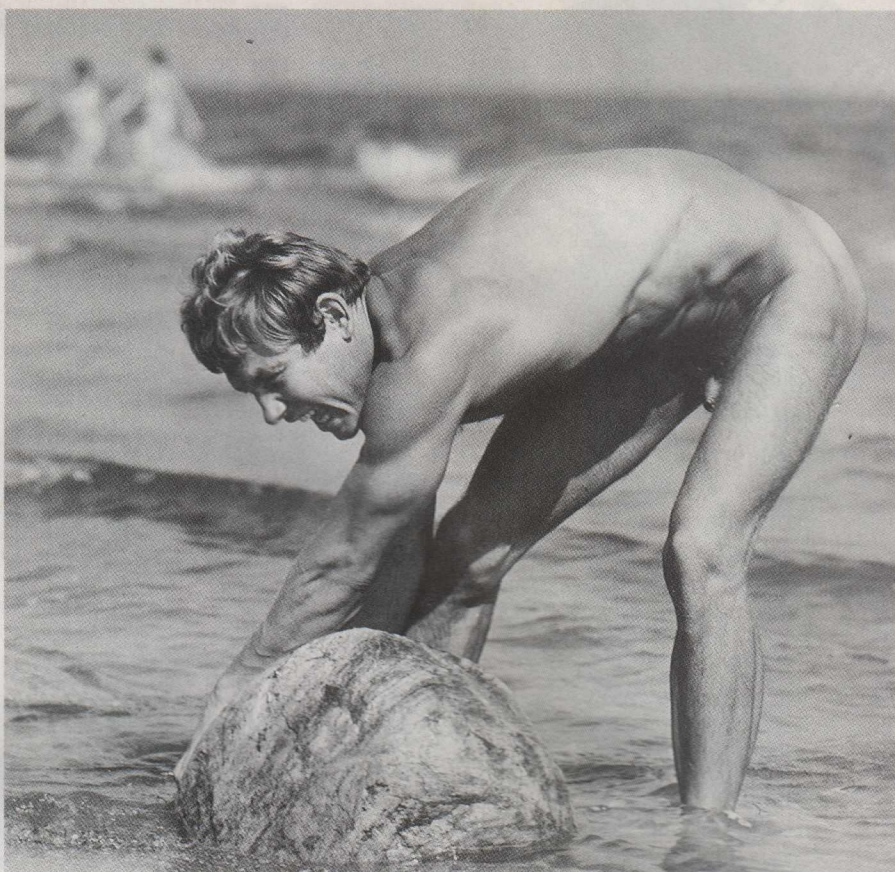
Whatever the causes of your impotence, whether physical or psychological, its pattern is deadly simple. That first occasion when you can't get it up is naturally disappointing, but the next time you discover yourself worrying about what didn't happen last time - and so it doesn't happen this time.

And there you go, away on a depressing downwards spiral of anxiety, which reinforces the very anxiety you are anxious about. The longer it goes on, the worse it can get.

The very fear of impotence is its major cause.

Obviously you can't force yourself to have an erection, so how do you start to restore your former glory?

Your erection must happen in its own sweet time, spontaneously - or it won't happen at all. But you can make it easier, by creating some favourable circumstances - which is where you need the patient co-



This is one problem you don't have to be stuck with.

operation of a loving woman.

The first thing she has to do is reduce your anxiety. She may actually feel miserable (even resentful) at your temporary inability - but it won't help either of you if she carries on about it.

So you both have to talk freely and honestly about it, both make the perhaps embarrassing attempt to understand what has gone wrong.

Perhaps you're worried about losing your job and haven't yet had the courage to discuss it with her? Are you drinking too much for your own good?

Is there some little thing about your lover that turns you off and you've never dared to say? Bad breath? No longer the Fun Girl she used to be? Got a bit too fat or too thin? Or what?

Whatever else you do, never even begin to think that your sexual drive is in any way unimportant or selfish. You are both sexual beings, and your needs for bodily satisfactions are deep and demanding. Yes, it can and ought to be fun, but your pleasures and passions are to be shared for mutual comfort.

For the sake of you both, help each other to get your sexual act together - and you'll soon start enjoying the performance! **HE**

Phone our medical advice line about how to overcome impotence: 0891 112535
All calls are charged at 49p/min at peak times and 37p/min at all other times.



Helping Hands

So there you are, horny as hell, when your man discovers that he can't get it up.

Nothing to worry about. Most men have occasional droops, and he'll probably be back to normal next time.

Don't make a big scene, you'll only make matters worse. After all, who's perfect? and what's once in a lifetime?

But if he's still dropping next time - well, there's no need to start sounding any loud alarms yet. No reproaches, no nasty comments, don't destroy his obviously fragile confidence.

Just snuggle in closer, take hold of his penis, gently, whisper something about how nice it is to cuddle him. It's all going to be quiet coaxing from now on.

Don't get too passionate too quickly. A few gentle squeezes, a few slithering caresses, and you may have his erection happily throbbing in your hands.

Well, slide it in as soon as you can - though without any sense of urgency. Don't give the impression that it's now or never! What you are in fact doing is getting it in before it perhaps subsides, but encourage him to believe that it's your own desire. And why shouldn't you be desiring him?

"I need you in me, deep, now...."

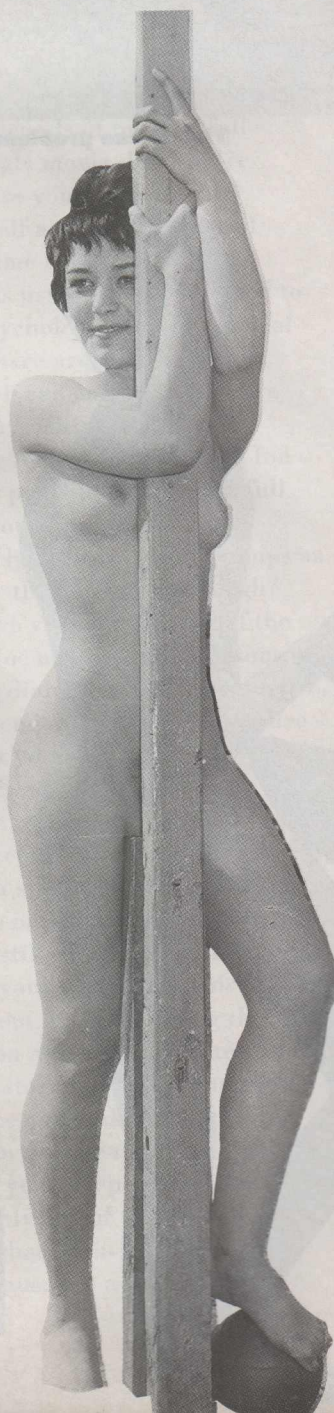
Because that moment when his glans slides between the inner lips of your vagina is one of the great trigger times of sexual intercourse. One of the most exciting moments for both of you - usually one to linger over, and repeat immediately, making it last even longer.

Unfortunately, premature ejaculation occurs most frequently at that precise moment. And it's also the very moment when your temporary impotent man may suddenly become even more aware of what he's actually doing.

Don't let go of his erection, keep control, maintain the stimulation of your fingers, guide the glans between the inner lips, and pull him home.

Don't expect too much for yourself this time, as he's probably so relieved to have his old familiar erection back in full

Getting him hard can be easy with the right stimulation says Frances Moriarty



working order that he'll bang on regardless. Encourage him every way you know: "Deeper!" you cry. "Harder! Quicker!" Until he comes.

Give him a while to recover, encourage another erection, and this time will be for you, with a grateful man thanking you in the best possible way. What's it all for, if not for pleasure?

Yet suppose, even after all these indirect persuading, he's still drooping? Well cart him off to the doctor first thing in the morning!

There's probably nothing serious, but let the doctor make sure. Might be something physical which can easily be put right, or it might be in the mind - which can just as easily be sorted out.

However, if your man's temporary impotence was down to something in his mind, the memory of a disastrous first sexual experience, or the terrors of childhood punishment for being "dirty," or whatever - then it will be up to you to help him heal these unseen wounds.

Without making it too obvious, you'll have to start all over again with him, be new lovers as though it's all the first time. In other words, you may have to seduce him.

There's nothing like surprise. Change your usual time and place. Don't wait until bedtime, but meet him at the front door when he comes in from work, take him straight upstairs, and give him a long hot pampering bath. If he gets an erection, have it off at once on the floor.

Don't come on too strong to start with, don't create too much of an impression that you're orchestrating the entire performance - though also remember that few men can resist an aroused woman, especially when they believe they are doing the arousing.

It may even be necessary that you both take a complete break from the whole of your daily routine together. Nothing like a change. Why not take a long weekend or a holiday away from it all?

It will probably cost serious money. But which would you rather have in hand? Cash? Or his healthy erection?

Naked Enchantment



Formentera — Azure skies and golden sands, the Enchanted Island.

Formentera — The scenic setting for Alison and Charlie's new production

Formentera — Alison, Lisa, Wendy, Steve and Charlie, delve into a tale of intrigue and mystery.

Charlie Simonds and Alison Brown have produced another dazzling film of enchantment and wonder. *Naked Enchantment*, their best film yet!



(Just £26.99 incl. Order on P.48)

Rodney and Sue Joyner didn't have to travel far to find their idea of Heaven. They found all they needed on the Balearic island of ...

Formentera



Illetes beach in the north of the island.



Baking in sunlight with the lizards.

My concept of a naturist vision of Heaven on earth, is to live on a small island in a little house that is built on a naturist beach that is bathed in warm sunshine for most of the year. My wife Sue and I have just found such a spot in the Mediterranean, nestling almost in the shadows of Ibeza, one of the Balearic Islands. Our bit of Heaven was the tiny island of Formentera.

Size dictates that it is not large enough for an airport, so in order to reach Formentera you have to fly first to Ibeza, then catch one of the many ferry boats that ply between the two islands. The journey takes about an hour.

On its way we got the first glimpse of a few of the extraordinary beautiful beaches Formentera is famed for, as the ferry enters the port of La Savina. This port is the main route of communication with the exterior for the whole of the island.

We found this situation is an added bonus to the charm of the island as it restricts the amount of tourists who can land here.

Our bit of paradise was one of a cluster of three small bungalows, built right on the edge of a naturist beach at Es Calo, a tiny fishing port at the southern end of Formentera. We just could not believe our luck as we arrived.

The taxi that brought us from the port of La Savina had turned off the main road into what looked like a rough track through some small pine trees, and suddenly there it was, our bungalow, overlooking this marvellous naturist beach of sand and rocky inlets, being lapped by the most beautiful jade colour sea.

The position of our bungalow patio caught the morning sun as it rose over the high headland of La Mola, on its daily pathway through the heavens. So it almost felt a sin to have to dress to get the morning fresh bread, just a few minutes walk away to the



Rodney takes a closer look at the rock with a honeycomb centre.



Who knows what you might find in an Es Calo rock pool.



The intrepid duo take to the high road.

village, when it was so nice on our sunlit patio for breakfast. This proved too much of an effort after a few days, so we made do for breakfast, choosing to do the shopping in the cooler evenings.

Our naturist beach at Es Calo was of fine sand with a picturesque rocky edge. However in several places it was safe to enter the sea through gaps in the rock that formed interesting rock pools. Beautiful coloured fish could be seen by just paddling around the rocky edges. In the shallower rock pools were plenty of shoals of tiny fish.

The beach stretched almost to the village of Es Calo, which has an attractive natural port for the local fishing boats. However we were very impressed that the two local supermarkets stocked an impressive range of goods, even brands that we are familiar with at home.

There are souvenir shops and a choice of several restaurants. The local cycle and car hire shop also doubled up as a foreign exchange centre. A wide range of currencies, with an up to date exchange rate was on offer in what appeared to be a very humble building.

This service was also widely available in supermarkets, restaurants and other vehicle hire centres in almost every town and village on the island.

We thought that it being such a small island it would be easy to explore in a few days. But after a fortnight there was still a large part of it we have still not seen.

One day we walked up the old Romany pathway to this village, which is the highest point of Formentera. Every twist and bend of this pathway which bordered the cliffs and passed through woods gave superb commanding views over most of the island,

which is thought to have once been used by monks as a pathway to their monastery.

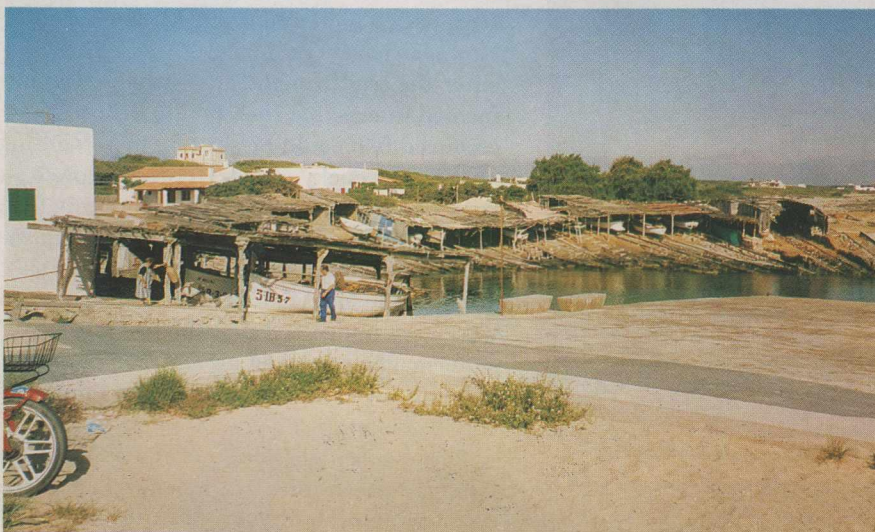
Every Sunday the village becomes packed for the weekly arts and crafts market. The majority of these stall holders are ancient hippies who were responsible during the sixties for an invasion of the island for a re-encounter with nature. Much of the merchandise here, reflects the culture and free life-style of these people.

Some of the best items were ceramics,

We shared our breakfast with dozens of little green lizards who paid us frequent visits. They scurried up, then froze in the anticipation of any morsels of food going their way.



There is a varied and interesting marine life.



Rush hour at Es Calo port.



In the morning we worked on our tan ...

made by an old man living a hermit's life-style in the simplest of dwellings with just cats and a goat for company.

From our bungalow it was only a thirty minute walk across to the western side of the island to the lovely beaches of the Playa De Migjorn. There are pockets of commercial development along this coast with large hotels and apartments, but we found many nude sunbathers enjoying the quieter areas.

The beaches to the north of the island sounded tempting. We hired a pedal cycle to explore further afield.

We soon found ourselves in the town of Es Pujols which is popular with those who prefer plenty of night life. Many naturists stay here as it is within easy reach of some fine nude beaches.

Our next stop was Ses Salines. This is a huge expanse of salt lakes, that have been in operation since time immemorial, and until a few years ago was the main source of employment for the islanders. At the moment they are not in operation, but constitute an area of great ecological culture and scenic value.

We toured around the large Estang Prudent. This gets its name from being a salt water pond connected to the sea by a small channel, for the renewal of water. The present name, Prudent, means bad smelling due to the putrefaction of the algae on the bottom, which decomposes in high temperatures. A more pleasant aspect of the Estang is that Flamingoes use it as a stopping off point during their migration route.

Finally we reached Illetes. This is a virgin



... then back to the apartment for a read.

area of great ecological interest, with simply exceptional beaches. These are thought to be the best on Formentera.

The crystal clear water and shallow shelving of the fine sand makes for perfect swimming, set against a backdrop of its neighbouring island of Ibiza.

The beach nearest to the beach bars are mainly used by textiles, but the best area a few metres beyond a small headland was all nudist.

Another unique character of this part of the island is that there is beach on both sides of this narrow finger stretch of rocky headland. So should the wind be in the wrong direction, it is only a few metres walk across to a more sheltered beach on the opposite side.



Picnic time for the Balearic Hells Angels.



One mad Englishman who won't stay in the mid-day sun.



Watch out for Don Quixote!

Our visit was in early summer, so there was an abundance of wild flowers carpeting whole fields and roadside verges wherever we travelled. Approximately 40% of the island is covered with a predominance of white pine trees. Cereals, some vegetables, vineyards and fig trees, cultivated in poor dry soil, are characteristic products of the island.

At present most of the inhabitants live from tourism, but without abandoning their customs and traditions. Many still make their own bread, wine, sobrasados (typical sausage) and cheese. While at the same time are owners of a block of apartments, a shop or a bar, which gives them their income to live comfortably during the closed season.

Only the love of the people of Formentera for their land has made it possible for the vertiginous changes that have taken place over the last thirty years to erase the identity of the island. We learnt that naturism mixed with a few textiles occurs on almost all of the island's beaches. Even the guide books state that "An integral contact with nature is possible on many of the island's beaches." In another one it states "Swimming with or without a swimsuit is not to be missed".

Sue and I prefer an easy going laid back type of holiday away from the masses, here at Formentera we found it all. So we feel compelled to return one day to this heavenly island, in order to rekindle some of those magical holiday memories, such as the night we made a dream come true, by making love on our moonlight beach. Formentera is a place to be seduced by its simplicity, to put your brain in neutral, to lie back and watch life float by.

Our holiday was arranged by Astbury Formentera, 31 Baker Street, Middlesbrough, TS1 2LF. Tel. 0642 210163 or at the Formentera Office: Viajes Islamar, G.A.T. 1386, Formentera. Tel. 32 82 79.

**"Surely it's better to live
more modestly and have
time to sit in the garden with
your clothes off now and then"**

**It won't make you
rich, but it might
make you happy.**

Photography by Leif Heilberg



There's only one real luxury today ...

"How can we arrange our lives so that our work takes up less time and we have more time to do things we want, like sitting in the sun doing nothing?"
Time management – that's the latest buzz word. It is supposed to be about getting everything you have to do done efficiently – so you can find something else to do efficiently.
James Lewis has the answer.

TIME

Have you ever noticed how, despite all the labour saving gadgets we have that are supposed to save us time and energy, we seem to be still running around like headless chickens trying to get everything we have to do, done?

The more gadgets we have, the more efficient we are expected to be.

Each new gadget speeds up the pace of life because it increases the amount we are expected to do in the same time.

We buy this gadget, and that appliance, because we think they will save us time and what happens? We end up having to work harder to pay for them. So we become more and more materialistic and end up working harder, taking as much overtime as we can get, and even moonlighting, to pay for possessions that we do not have time to enjoy, and that we don't even need or really want in the first place.

A colleague of mine is contemplating getting married. She and her fiancé have got their eye on a cottage that will cost them £80,000 and needs a colossal amount spent to renovate it.

What is the point when they are going to have to work so much harder to pay for all that, that they won't have any time to just enjoy their home?

Surely it is better to live more modestly and have the time to sit in the garden with your clothes off now and then.

That is today's luxury. Time.

We are just as bad on holiday.

We have to "enjoy ourselves". We HAVE to see the sights, we

HAVE to go on the excursions, we HAVE to try water skiing and pony trekking and wind surfing....

Why not just sit and watch the sun on the sea for a bit.

I'll tell you why not. We are so used to the frantic rush to get the maximum done in the minimum time we feel GUILTY about doing nothing for a change.

It is one of life's wondrous ironies that very

Time for a little friendly feeling.





Spend your time how YOU want to.

often “nothing” is the best thing we can do, especially if there is a problem to solve.

Few people can think creatively to order. It is often more productive to go away and do something you do not have to think about than to dwell on a problem. When the mind is relaxed the ideas come. The solution to the problem appears because instead of consciously worrying and fretting about the problem we have allowed it to “percolate” in the subconscious.

How often do we get frustrated because we are kept waiting especially when we are in a rush and have a lot to do. We cannot always avoid these annoying delays, but we can learn to respond to them in more constructive ways than burning up energy and letting them frustrate us.

Sit back, relax and enjoy the unexpected “bonus time”. Use it to recharge the batteries.

Among the Amish religious community in America the use of modern conveniences is severely limited, the result is not a frenetic running around trying to get everything done, but the opposite. Sociologists who visited and studied the Amish people have found that amongst them time seems to relax and expand.

In more commercial and industrialised big cities the perception of rushing seems to expand in relation to the “time saving” devices





We always find time to watch the tide go in ... and out.

**As soon as I
get a new
diary I sit
down and
mark in lurid
green
highlighter,
the
weekends
and the
holidays.
This is the
top priority.
The "MY
TIME". My
wife and I
have a sacred
pact, we do
not arrange
anything for
Saturday
evenings,
that is the
time for us
and it is
inviolable -
sacred.**





Burn off your energy constructively!



We'll make up when

we have.

The trick of making time work for us, instead of being slaves to it is to learn to select what we give our time to. We all fall into the trap of doing some things because we feel we "ought to".

I learned a great lesson from a pupil in school. I asked him to take part in the school play. I thought he would enjoy acting. "No thanks", he said "I'll do the music, I'll stick to what I'm best at."

I get asked to give my time to all sorts of projects but I have now trained myself to do two things.

The first is I am very selective. I still give my time, but only to projects which will involve me in doing what I am best at. Trying to do something one is not good at takes longer because you are not efficient at it, it is hard work, hard work is



we want to ...

frustrating, and such tasks are better left to somebody else who is good at it.

I stick to what I'm best at - that is not hard work - it is fun - and, because it IS fun the job gets done willingly with enthusiasm and the result is all the better for it.

Over the years I've also learned to say, 'I'd love to do it, but I've got so much on at the moment I would end up not giving it the time it deserves, and that wouldn't be fair to you.' I'd rather appear rude and say "No" than take it on and mess it up. That wouldn't be fair to anybody.

I have learned to get out of the rat race and, instead of being in competition with everybody else to see how much I can get done, I have learned to do less without feeling guilty about it.

So go on, let the rats scuttle, and give yourself a break - stop being a slave to time and let time work for you.



... then fight when we have the time.



It's the height of Sizzling Summer so leap aboard the SEASIDE SPECIAL!

STUDLAND BAY OFFICIAL BEACH/ STUDLAND SUMMER CAMP

The magnificent expanse of golden sand that forms Studland Bay is one of the best known and loved naturist beaches in Britain. Throughout the summer—and especially on August Bank Holiday weekend—you can expect to mingle with literally thousands of brown and beautiful naked people basking in the brilliant surroundings. It's our Agde.

The mile-long beach (OS map reference SZ038851) is managed by the National Trust, and despite recent futile attempts to have nudity banned, you can strip off with their blessing. All you have to do is stay

HE
I&L's
Getaway Guide
to holiday
good times
in Britain



within the famous signs proclaiming Nudists May Be Seen Beyond This Point.

The sand is beautifully clean and the water is safe for bathing although occasionally the currents bring swarms of seaweed to the shoreline. Yachts and pleasure craft also arrive and moor up close to the shoreline, some so their owners can enjoy a naked dip, others because they've probably heard about the hordes of naked bodies and want to check out the action for themselves. Give 'em a wave.

Sometimes, during a heavy swell, these boats slip their moorings and drift onto the beach and you can have loads of fun, make new friends and the undying affection of the stranded millionaire playboy or heiress by helping to haul their listing tug back upright.

The beach is backed by sand dunes and scrub, conserved as an area of special scientific interest due to the plethora of rare plants, birds and pond-life inhabiting the bushes and the lake in the centre.

As it's a fairly long walk from either the NT carpark or from the road behind the beach, you'll be pleased to know that a van regularly appears with snacks, ice creams and drinks to cool you off.

One visit to Studland on a good day and you'll understand why there's a hardcore of devoted locals who use it virtually all year round.

There's a number of caravan and campsites locally although if you want to camp *au naturel* you'll have to use the excellent Studland Summer Camp nearby, open throughout the summer. There are campfire get-togethers where you can while away the evening with a drink and a laugh every night and Roger, the proprietor,



Summertime at sandy Studland.



You'll never walk alone on Studland's sandy shores.

STUDLAND BAY GETTING THERE

FROM POOLE FERRY One and a half mile walk from the crossing via Shell Bay. The ferry runs daily between 7am and 11.10pm.

FROM SWANAGE

Drive northwards out of Studland towards the ferry. Pass the Knoll Hotel and turn right halfway down the hill into the National Trust car park (OS map ref: SU034836). It's free to NT members and is open from 9am to 8pm. There's a shop, cafe and toilets and a Tourist Information stall on the beach nearby. Reaching the naturist end from here takes around 20 minutes.

Alternatively, drive along the toll road that backs the beach, park up and cut through the nature reserve using the signposted tracks. Probably the best option—if you can find a space!

For further details, ring Studland Tourist Information Office on 0929 422885.

organises a Fun Day over the August Bank Holiday Weekend with body painting, games and competitions.

It's well attended so write with an SAE to SSC, 183 Brighton Road, Lancing, Sussex BN15 8JB.

FAIRLIGHT COVE OFFICIAL BEACH, HASTINGS, SUSSEX.

A beautiful natural suntrap situated about a mile east of Hastings town (OS ref TQ854106). Very popular in summer, the beach is mainly shingle and pebble although there is a little gritty sand revealed at low tide. Backed by 600 foot cliffs and surrounded by 500 acres of picturesque countryside designated as a Country Park, it's a great place to spend a day.

If you want longer, Shearburn Caravan site is nearby (Tel: 0424 423583).

The best approach if you're arriving by car is to use the main Hastings Country Park visitors' free car park on Fairlight road. Steep tracks lead down from here, following the clifftops, and will bring you to the beach in around 45 minutes. Better still, cut across the headland past the radio masts

and you'll get there in around half the time.

Tourist Information: 0424 722022. For more details, see H+E's Beach report in issue 93/12.

FRAISTHORPE OFFICIAL BEACH, BRIDLINGTON, YORKSHIRE..

Bridlington's official nude beach is fine sand and extremely popular despite the long walk necessary to reach it. It exists for about 125 yards either side of Earl's Dyke stream at OS map reference TA170614.

A windbreak is useful as the area has little shelter from cliffs or woodlands.

Tourist information is available by ringing 0262 673474.

MORFA DYFFRYN BEACH (Pronounced Morva Duff-rin)

Ordnance survey Map Ref: SH555246

One of the most popular unofficial nude beaches in North Wales. Morfa Dyffryn's fine stretch of sand is so well used that ice cream vans regularly arrive to serve the families, couples and single nudists who travel from all over northern Britain.

At the back of the beach is an area of sand dunes and the Nature Conservation Council, who manage it, ask that you avoid walking along the tops of them because the Marram grasses that bind the sand together become crushed and the dunes erode. Avoid too the Shell Island Estate to the northern end of the beach which is definitely off-limits as far as stripping off is concerned.



**For more information on Naturist
Centres and Beaches in Britain
ring 0891 112531**

All calls are charged at 49p/min at peak times and 37p/min at all other times.



If you don't like where the sand gets try Fairlight Cove.

Winter warmers.



All year round New Zealand nudists enjoy ... **Bootiful Fun at Wellington**

by Doug Cousins

For several years the members of the Wellington Sun Club have not let winter blues send them into hibernation. Once a month they have hired a local aquatic centre for their own swim nights. Black polythene sheeting has been put up on the windows for privacy and as members cleaned up at the end of each evening the cost has been minimal.

The air in the centre is kept at 29°C so that the main pool has a temperature about the same as the club's swimming pool would be in mid-summer. This pool is close to Olympic size. Then there is a small warm water pool for the softies. By the look of some of the members they have seemed to be in training to swim the English Channel - they just swim length after length, with the need to avoid clashing with the ever present funsters.

For the energetic there are plenty of play balls of varying sizes, a hanging rope for swinging, a slide, canoes and two large round air filled cylinders. It is extremely difficult to stay on these cylinders, one added problem being people who hold one steady until you are on it, then they turn it over!

One evening I spent some time having relay races with four teams of up to six

people in each all vying to get to the finishing line first. There were also children's races, but they had to swim the width of the pool only.

Half way through the evenings when most members have had enough of the pools, they head for the barbecues. There are two gas burning units with both grille and hot plates on top. Sitting round the tables eating tea is a good way to keep up with the news and enjoy the latest jokes. It rounds off the evenings very nicely.

From the start Wellington invited the local Free Beach members along to share these evenings and this has worked very well. In fact, they helped a lot, especially on the last night last year.

The first member to arrive with the screens found the centre all locked up before the usual closing time! It was a free beach member who came to the rescue and contacted the manager to open up for us.

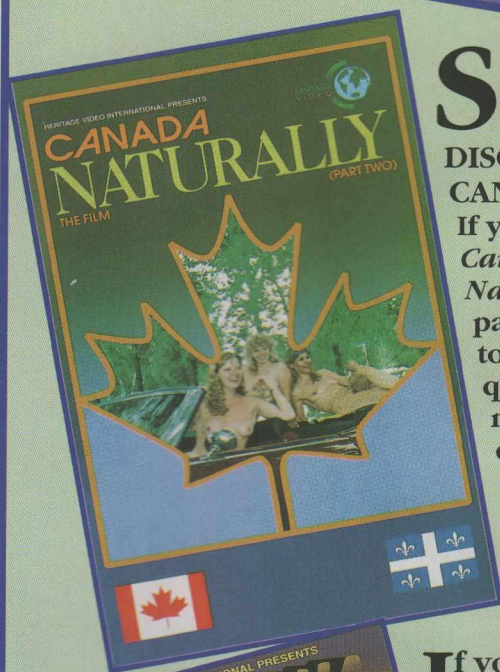
Unfortunately the support from Wellington members for these evenings has fallen to such an extent that the club no longer organises them. But the Free Beach will continue to carry on what has been an excellent way of keeping in touch when the weather rules out "club uniform" at the club grounds.

HE

**Discover the world with our
naturist travel videos,
phone 0891 112533**

**All calls are charged at 49p/min at peak
times and 37p/min at all other times.**

Nude & Natural

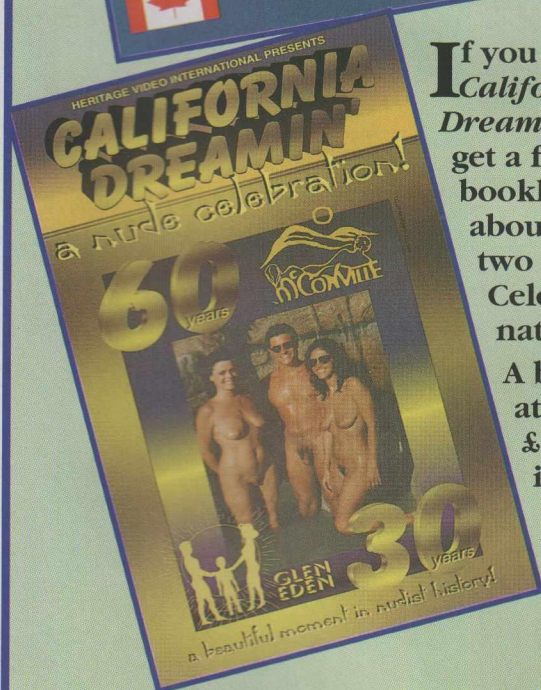


SPECIAL SOFFER

DISCOVER CANADA

If you buy *Canada Naturally* parts 1 & 2 together you qualify for a massive £10 discount!

Both parts, just £43.90 incl p&p

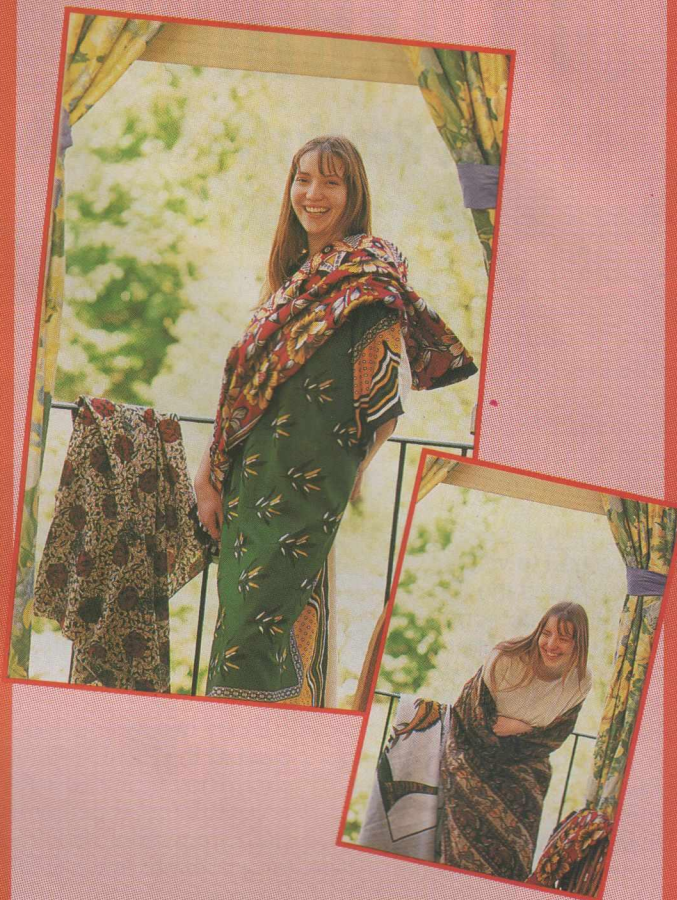


If you buy *California Dreamin'* you get a free booklet about the two clubs. Celebrate naturism!

A bargain, at just £26.95 incl p&p

Canada Naturally 2 and California Dreamin', the two latest films by David Ball. Canada Naturally, the series, consists of Canada Naturally 1 & 2, fun and excitement in resorts throughout Canada. California Dreamin' takes us on an hour long party, Glen Eden and Mconville's anniversary celebrations. All films come at £26.95 incl p&p

You can



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Luscious Days in Luxembourg

Robbert Broekstra takes it easy in Europe's smallest state.

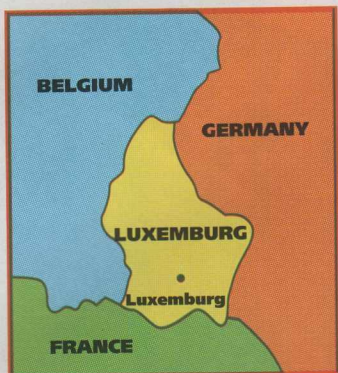
Luxembourg is only 90 kilometres long and 50 wide. It has 380 000 inhabitants and if you drive through too fast you might well miss it.

But the countryside is beautiful, filled with forests and hills. If you love rural tranquillity this is the place, so we had to visit it.

We visited the 'De Poufank Club' formed in 1984 near the town of Mersch. It is built on a hilly slope and formed the ideal back drop for some photos.

The President of the club, Fons, told us how he hopes to have running water installed at the grounds soon. It all depends on whether the town council will give planning permission, and how much money it would cost.

Even without its own water the club has 70 members who agree as part of their membership to spend four days of every



year working on the grounds.

Every two weeks they meet at the local swimming pool. They organise forest walks and get together with clubs from other countries for a summer feast. Each country takes turns to play host.

To keep Luxemburgs' naturists aware of current events the club produces a magazine every three months. A television company visited the club recently which resulted in a four minute slot on national television.

Fact Box

Association Naturiste
Luxembourgeois
'De Poufank'
Boite Postale 1735
L- 1017
Luxembourg

How to get there: From the centre of Mersch head for Kopstal. When you see a sign for 'Quatre Vents' on the right hand sign turn right and continue up the hill. At the top take a sharp right towards Mariental and then right again along a grass track which ends in a car park.

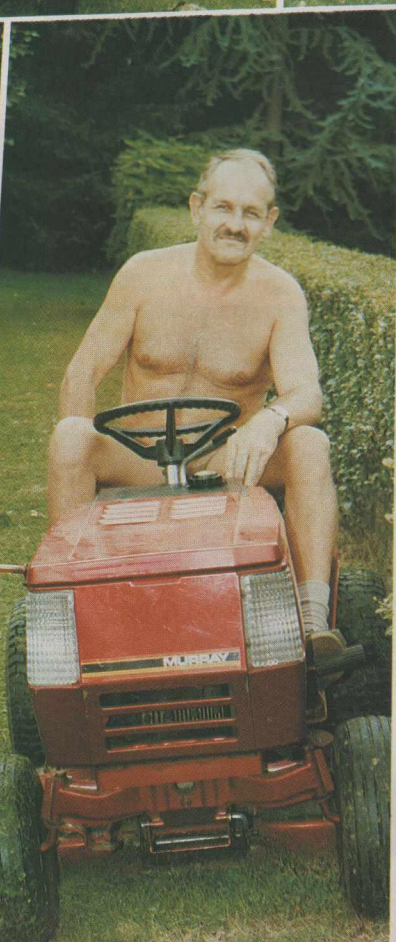
Naturism is very low key in this country. Often if a couple from the same village join the club, one of the two couples will leave out of embarrassment.

In one weekend we were subjected to sun, thunder and rain. But the peace and tranquillity of the surroundings guaranteed our spirits were never dampened. We would like to thank all the members of the club for their hospitality and friendship.

Tips for first timers,
phone 0891 112534

All calls are charged at 49p/min
at peak times and 37p/min at
all other times.





Hung, Dragon

THIS, THAT AND A DECIDEDLY GRATUITOUS BIT OF THE OTHER

Tragically, the latest issue of The Giraffe Breeders' Weekly, widely acknowledged as an indispensable source of hard-nosed naturist gossip, failed to arrive on time this month so I've been forced to trawl the tabloids in a desperate attempt to deliver the bacon. Nestling contentedly between the heaving bosoms were a number of strange but true fantastic facts:

British landlords are forever having to think of wackier ideas to woo back impoverished tipplers from cheap nights in front of the TV. One enterprising publican in Portsmouth has started hanging blow up sex dolls from his ceiling.

Different problem, different brew down in Channing Wood jail where members of the Women's Royal Voluntary Service have been complaining that prisoners have been fondling wives and girlfriends during the visiting hours tea run.

In Germany, a recent magazine poll revealed that nearly half of the country's women would rather look at a naked man's eyes than his groin. The Russians, however, are much less coy with sixty per cent of husbands and forty per cent of wives surveyed admitting to being unfaithful to their

partners. Good old Glasnost.

The Brits, typically reserved, prefer harmless pranks - like the man who fitted a woolly hat to a statue of a naked man in a Kent garden then returned the next day to add a willy warmer. Mind you, they can be naughty too in Kent apparently as a Margate sex shop has had to remove a joke sign saying Shoplifters Will Be Severely Smacked because it encouraged customers to steal.

However, no one can ever match the Americans - well, South Americans in this case - when it comes to silliness so it's fitting that this month's Arsehole Of The Month award should go to

**An eclectic
elucidation of
eligible
eccentricities
eaten alive
and spat out
as entrails by
Boris Hatchet,
the Dalston
Disemboweller**



Time to get squirty.

University president Antanus Mockus who was so furious at hecklers ruining an important speech he was making that he dropped his trousers and mooned at the packed hall. It's a funny ol' world eh?

Just in case any readers are still feeling shortchanged by the lamentable absence of Giraffe-ish snippets I can tell you here and now that the beast in question is the only living creature to have a heart larger than its brain. It also has a complex series of valves, pulleys and switches in its neck which restrict the flow of blood - otherwise, when it bent down to drink the pressure would cause its head to explode. That would be something to see, wouldn't it, readers?

NO MORE DOGGING FOR POLLUTED WHELKS

September's approached slyly and we're slipping into the mellow fruitbowl of Autumn when everything turns brown and drops off. Feel better now?

If you think you've got it bad at this time of year, spare a thought for some of the other creatures who have recently been suffering some appalling conditions which have caused more than their leaves to drop off.

Last month, we reported the sorry state of many of Britain's beaches. Most people are aware of the ailments that can be contracted through swimming in our filthy, sewage-laden sea but next time you emerge from a refreshing nude dip in the briny you'd better check that your penis is still intact. If you're a female look for a suddenly sprouting inappropriate appendage.

I strongly urge you to do this after reading a report about similar genital mutation occurring in dog whelks that inhabit the shallows around the coast.

The problem was first recognised six years ago, when marine ecologists were disturbed to discover that female dog whelks had grown penises as a result of pollution, making it impossible for them to reproduce.

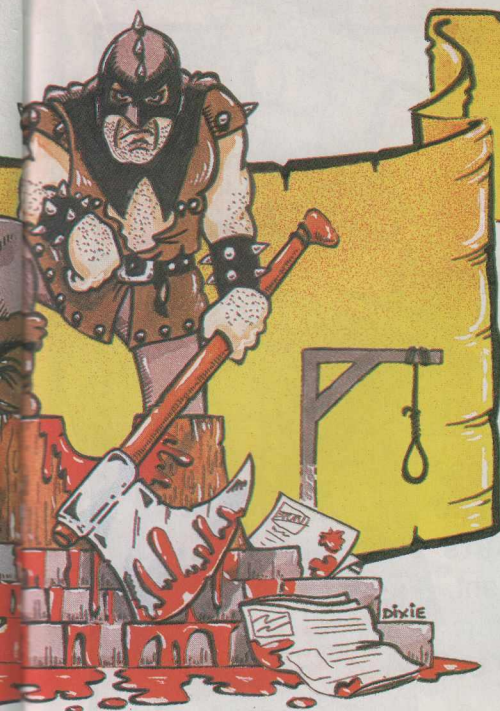
The female whelks, understandably, were becoming quite pissed off with this unwelcome state of affairs and a number of aquatic skirmishes took place as the males fought off advances from what appeared to be a plague of gays or, alternatively, would spend an evening whining (*they're dog whelks, geddlit?*) and dining some horny looking female only to find out she was a transsexual hermaphrodite when the

time came to leap into the old waterbed.

It was looking as though their extinction would swiftly follow as the suddenly celibate creatures battled it out.

Scientists saved the day however, with the welcome discovery of a colony of whelks in Ramsgate, Kent, in which a genetic mutation had caused some of the males to lose their penises.

The mutation then spread to the females, who lost theirs. Thankfully, the males grew some more and it was back to business as usual. Doubtless the whelks will be making up for lost time so if you're swimming around Kent, expect much thrashing about and don't be surprised if you run into swarms of newly born dog whelkettes whizzing around, barking madly.



and Quoted

NUDE REFEREE FLATTENS PLAYER

It wasn't Gazza, not that I'd be outrageous enough to suggest that that might be a welcome tonic for the nation, no sir.

The unfortunate concerned, Bob Caldry, was beaten up in the showers after the match by hot-tempered ref, Armand Gambone, who stormed naked into the changing rooms after hearing players complaining about the handling of the game which included one disputed sending-off and three bookings, including Bob.

Grabbing startled Caldry by the

throat he screamed: "I'm going to get you" and headbutted him to the floor.

Bob needed stitches in cuts over both eyes, magistrates later heard and convicted Gambone of wounding, ordering him to pay the sum of £600 compensation.

Forgive me, but isn't it the fans who are supposed to do the fighting at football matches?

GET OFF TO A BAD START

Strip poker is hardly an option when a group of naked people fancy a little harmless fun but **Bad Behaviour**, a new board game which apparently takes sexual innuendo to hitherto unseen depths, may just do the trick.

Players pick up cards instructing them to "sing loudly whilst trying to seduce the door"; or advising them that "the person opposite you is on fire - put out the flames".

The worse your behaviour, the higher you score. As a longtime advocate of naughtiness and mayhem, I'm prepared to endorse it, unseen.

If you're licking your lips at the prospect of hours of unbridled debauchery, contact *Bad Behaviour*, Fomell Publications, Tel: 081 469 2615. Tell 'em you read it here and I might get a free one too. Ta.

SLIPPED A LENGTH IN SHANGHAI

Over in China, thousands of men have been visiting a Shanghai clinic which treats patients for impotence and premature ejaculation and also offers penis enlargement.

Professor Chen, 61, has discovered a means of reconstructing the penis using skin from the arm and arteries from the stomach and has treated over 150 men with abnormally small penises so far.

Chen says the constructed penis can be up to six inches in length but if the member in question is already longer than three inches when erect he refuses to operate.

The operation costs a whopping \$1000 for native Chinese and twice that for foreigners but the professor claims a 100% success rate, saying men can begin a normal sex life one to two months after the operation.

He also invented a gadget with which to perform the miracle, earning him an award for the best scientific and technical invention of 1992. Wonder what he's got planned for 1997?

NAKED IN THE WINGS

The Wings Theatre Company in Manhattan, America recently staged a performance of "There's a War Going On" and found their audience included 100 naked men.

Apparently several cast members lost their concentration throughout the show but struggled gamely on.

The naked men were all members of M.A.N. (Males au Naturel), a gay mens' group and a few actors joined them for refreshments after the show. Sadly, I cannot reveal the reason for the mass strip as the original news report didn't think it worthy of inclusion. Doesn't life become unbearably exciting when a little mystery is injected into it?

Anyone who just knows they won't sleep tonight without getting to the bottom of the matter - no pun intended - or simply wants information concerning gay male naturists can contact M.A.N., 496 Hudson Street No 133, New York, NY 10014.



Coasting through.

QUICK DIPS IN THE ACID BATH

RHODE ISLANDERS SEE RED

The New England naturist beach on Rhode Island, USA was ordered closed by South Kingston authorities in August while they conducted a 'zoning review'. Sounds painful.

MR ANGRY MAKES MRS HORN

Losing your temper can improve your sex life according to a new book by Dr Theodore Isaac Rubin who claims that adult suppressed anger contributes to anxiety,

depression, insomnia, alcoholism, frigidity and impotence (Just like the Northern Line or a night out in Croydon). Get **The Angry Book** (Collins, £5.95), get mad, then get laid.

OF MICE AND MEN

A nurse in London became so enraged by her boss's repeated sexual harassment that she prepared an extra-delectable sandwich containing a dead mouse for him. He fired her.

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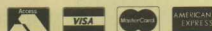
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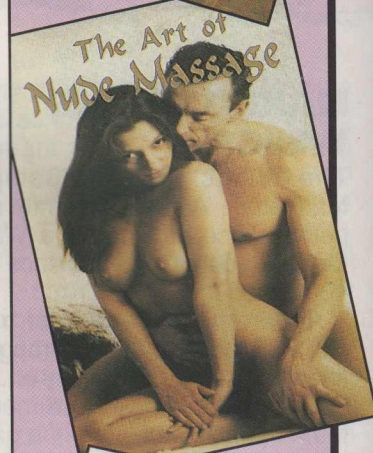
TIME TO KILL?

Treat yourself to these brilliant videos **The Nude Workouts 1&2**, at the excellent price of £49 for both. Get up get out, get fit.

The Art of Nude Massage provides some more wonderful ways of spending your spare time. How you and your partner respond and what to do is all contained within this excellent film at just £21.99.

Shooting the Nude in the Nude, get clicking. Majorvision has put together an instructional hour full of fun and glamour, nude photography at its best. £21.99.

(all prices inclusive of p&p)



No longer. Get into the swing of things with Majorvision. Four brilliant nude videos all with different instructional themes, can be yours. Save ££££s with our new prices, but hurry before stocks run out.

California Dreamin'...



Party, party party, Heritage is at another one, or another two in fact.

California Dreamin', David Ball's latest film, shows two prestigious American naturist clubs celebrating their anniversaries in the same year. Glen Eden is great at 30, but magnificent Mconville has chalked up 60 years of naturist fun on its premises.

David Ball has captured everything, from nude outdoor rock concerts to wild water aerobics. He even features a mad, nude decathlon.

Snap, crackle and pop goes the champagne, accompanied by peals of children's laughter. What a great way to spend an hour! At just £24.95 + p&p it's a bargain.

**.... way to go
HERITAGE**

48



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INFORMATION LINE

For a comprehensive explanation about
MEETING PLACE and how it works, you can
call the information line anytime on

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MEN

Male 27, 5'9", American,
new to naturism, looking
for female 20-30 for adult
fun and friendship,
Peterborough and
surrounding areas. MB
No 66806

Naturist male 25, enjoys
pubs, cinema, sailing,
clubs, would like to meet
female, for friendship, fun,
indoor and outdoor
nudity. MB no 66750

Peter 38 South Wales,
5'11", easy going,
reliable, trustworthy,
Monty Python sense of
humour, romantic,
adventurous, well
travelled, seeks same in
girl for lasting relationship.
MB No 66708

25 yr male, naturist, good
looking, 6'1", own house
and car, excellent sense
of humour, seeks female
naturist for friendship,
romance, who knows?
MB no 66586

Ben 37, tall dark, slim,
athletic, looking for
sensual relationship with
lady or couples. MB No
66544

27 yr male, new to
naturism scene, seeks
female or couples for
daytime socialising. Can't
accommodate. Cheshunt,
Herts. MB No 65978

Male 29 tall, athletic,
attractive and sensual,
wishes to meet females,
29-45 for naturist fun and
days out. MB no 65976

Male early 30s clean,
very discreet, looking for
a single person or couple
for fun, Surrey area. MB
No 67488

Paul 29, would like to
meet naturist females or
couples for fun and
friendship. MB No 67477

Hunky, attractive male,
33, seeks females or
couples, for fun and
friendship. MB No 67074

Biker, 46, seeks couple
or single girl, South coast

area for fun and frolics,
broad minded and
GSOH, ring Mark. MB
No 67054

Male late 30's, seeks
adult fun with
professional ladies or
couples, interested in
video. Complete
discretion assured and
expected. MB No
708877

Male, 24, 6'0", blonde
hair, blue eyes, looking
for female for fun and
friendship, 18-29. MB
No 69978

Chris 40, single GSOH,
visits nudist beaches in
Cornwall. Seeks female
any age for visits to
accompany. MB No
69988

Male, mid 50's
reasonably good-
looking wishes to be
introduced to naturism
by friendly female, male
or couple. MB No 68466

Halfcaste Asian Male
looking for attractive girl
to introduce me to
naturism. Must also like
clubbing, pubbing etc.
MB No 68506

Single male, 29 would
like to make contact
with bi-sexual couple,
Norfolk who advertised
in Vol 94/12 (78644).
MB No 68568

Single male, 29,
athletic build, seeks
single ladies or couples
to remedy my
inexperience. MB No
68568

Male, 31, athletic build,
based West Yorkshire,
looking for couples or
single girls, 30-40, for
adult fun and massage.
MB 68570

Single male naturist,
39, brown hair, blue
eyes, presentable,
seeks single female
naturist, 23-40 for
beach visits, naturist
holidays, friendship and
hopefully relationship
MB No 59949

COUPLES

Canterbury naturist
couple, both 40, seeks
slim, straight friends, for
evenings in/out, outings,
etc. MB No 66790

Mid 20's couple enjoy
naturism, visiting
beaches, looking to
meet similar couple. MB
69966

I'm 31, Tony is 36, both
naturists, open minded,
bubbly seek couples for
adult fun, DIY. I also
seek female for first
female experience.
Hampshire area, can
travel. MB 68589

WOMEN

Due to technical
problems beyond our
control this section
and some of our most
recent callers won't
be appearing in this
issue. We apologise
to our readers for any
disappointment
caused

GAYS

Bi Male, 37, Belfast,
6'1", good looking,
seeking similar guys for
friendship and fun. MB
No 66500

Martin 46, bi-sexual
looking for couples,
singles, male or female,
for adult fun and games,
willing to pose for
photographs or videos.
MB No 67070

GENERAL

Looking for friends and
fellow naturists, general
fun, member of Eureka,
MB No 66558

Amateur artist seeks
man, 50+ to sit for life
drawing. Would consider
working for high quality
photographs. no fees. MB
No 69958

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All the adverts appearing in the
magazine section are from genuine
people looking to make new
friends and relationships.

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Dial 0891 112529 and then enter this
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message. If you like what you hear,
you can then leave a message
for that person.

TO ADVERTISE, DIAL 0891 112525

To place an ad in Meeting Place, simply get
a pen and pad and write down an advert for
yourself similar to the ones shown -
maximum length 25 words. Have in mind
things you would like to say in your voice
message or even prepare a little script.
Dial 0891 112525 and first leave the 25
words for your advert, then leave your
personal voice message. Readers will call
your voice message from the ad and if they
like the sound of you, will leave a
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You will be given a unique telephone
number which allows you to listen to these
messages. You can then contact the people
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MALE ADVERTISERS DIAL **0891 112527**

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OF COUPLES DIAL **0891 112528**

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"I'd calmly resigned myself to the fact that the plane would crash."

The only thing that had been keeping Theresa sane at work was the imminent prospect of her summer holiday on a Greek island. She was going alone; no ties, no hassles, just the chance to let her hair down and savour every glorious moment.

***When my work is all done
you'll find me ...***

**TRAVELLING
IN STYLE**

It's August at last and the holiday I've been waiting and saving for for what seems like ages has finally arrived. I've slipped the noose for two weeks and I intend to soak up as many experiences and good times as I can. I think I've earned it.

It's 6.15am Greek time. I'm sitting three storeys up on one of the lumbering ferries that'll take me to the islands. They're slow, noisy, dirty, smelly, cramped and crowded and I love 'em. It suits my mood and for the next eight hours I can pretend I'm travelling properly rather than being just another package tourist.

Luxury's a buzz when you first experience it but it's soon replaced by air-conditioned, deep-pile boredom. No danger here - this filthy old tug is alive with *real* people,





I always find time to strip off.

uninsulated from the world and more alive because of it.

I'm a young woman travelling alone but I'm in the safest company. I can crash out, leave my bags unattended, move around, do whatever I like and it'll be alright. I'm fireproof.

We'll be off soon. My jaded eyes roam the dockside twilight. It's a full moon - a good omen for me, promising a little madness and maybe a little danger but I know things are going to happen and that's more important.

Maybe it's saved me already; the plane that brought me here didn't crash as my half-dream last night had told me. Strange, I'm not scared of flying and I've never worried before but I'd calmly resigned myself to the fact that this would be my last journey and if we didn't crash on take-off or dive into the Med halfway across then we'd overshoot the dusty runway at Athens airport and pile into the Acropolis or something.

As the pilot ticked off the hours over the tannoy my optimism increased but I couldn't discount the dream. When the engines finally shut down I knew the sting of trepidation had been drawn but reminded myself we still had to get back.

Reflections dance on the dieselly water, birds glide on the cool breeze and the two



**I watch the
tourists and
the yellow
taxis
swarming like
bees below
me as the
Mediterranean
sun races
up to taunt
our pallid
English
complexions.
London's a
million miles
away, I'm
becoming
acclimatised;
I'm arriving.**



Now I answer to no one.

girls from Nottingham who I'd whiled away the small hours with at the dockside all-nighter have finally surrendered to sleep. I'm tired but my senses, fuelled by a drip feed of adrenalin, are heightened. The last 36 hours' red-eye dissolves into the new day as swiftly as the airport in the taxi's rear view mirror, thousands of hours before.

I watch the tourists and the yellow taxis swarming like bees below me as the Mediterranean sun races up to taunt our pallid English complexions. London's a million miles away, I'm becoming acclimatised; arriving.

The light is growing fast, turning the water from black to that universal green. The benches on the deck are filling up with backpackers and the air is an ambient white noise of European chatter dubbed over the diesel beat.

Barrows laden with doughnuts are being pushed into position on the quayside by swarthy vendors hoping for an early-morning killing. The captain blasts the horn smothering them in a sooty black cloud and I'm sure they play this game every day, each



Surf your way back to success.

party resigned to the other's invasion of their territory.

(Hours later, having been robbed blind for a tepid, watery tea and a similar confection courtesy of the ship's snack bar, I sided with the dockside totters.)

More coaches arrive; big Scandinavian bastards painted like liners and nearly as large. Gorgeous big Scandinavian bastards alight hauling expensive suitcases and sporting obscure logos on their crisp T-shirts.

Dogs race everywhere, young boys on mopeds race the dogs and two decrepit lorries collide with a shower of spilt vegetables and angry horns. The activity below has become a blurred frenzy as the assorted traders, reps and dockers fight to cram the hold before we depart.

Finally, the ropes drop and we're off. One hundred and fifty miles threading our way south through the watery minefield of islands, some already exploded into tourism, others barren and hostile. I could do with a year to explore them all. Maybe one day.

For now, I'll be content to enjoy the rest of the journey and the people I meet along it then strip off and explore my own little island. If the plane doesn't crash on the way home, you can bet I'll be back for another look next year.



More information about centres and beaches in Europe, phone 0891 112532
all calls charged at 49p/min peak rate and 37p/min at all other times.



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(we are 50 yards on left past 'Texaco' Garage)

OUR HAPPY HOLIDAYS

The hardest thing about our last summer holiday was deciding what type of holiday to take and where to go. Pat, my wife, and I thought it would be wonderful to return to the area on the French Mediterranean coast where we visited some 12 years previous before the children came along.

We live near Dusseldorf so had a long drive. First stop for an overnight stay was at a guest house in Schliengen near the French/German border crossing at Mulhouse. This would also be our stop over on our return journey.

We arrived at our destination near St. Aygulf in the early evening.

Next morning over breakfast I had the opportunity to have a quick look at a copy of Phil Vallack's book, *Free Sun Beaches*. I was sure there was a naturist beach near St Aygulf and right enough, near the back of the book was the information I was looking for.

For most of the holiday we found ourselves returning to this ideal location. There were a number of beach kiosks selling ice cream, sweets,

Chris Gerry visited St.Aygulf nude beach in the Mediterranean, with a little help from the nudist's bible *Free Sun Beaches*, here's his report.



Chris's wife Pat cools off.

drinks etc. so we didn't have to lug a massive cool box, along with everything else. A quick cool down is available from the fresh water showers dotted along the beach, essential when the temperatures touch 30°C.

Shade in the shape of a beach umbrella is essential along with lots of sun oil. There was plenty of room on the beach, we were there in the middle of August but never had to fight for a space unlike the textile beach! The sea was shallow for quite some distance, there was a mild current running to the north so one should keep an eye on small children and they should be able to swim.

For the very little ones there was a land locked lake which had some very shallow areas for playing but always it should be done under supervision. One very reassuring sight was mounted Police patrols at intervals right along the beach.

All in all we have a great time, came home with good tans and can't wait to return!

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W. Wales, Pembrokeshire, B&B in Country House set in 4 acres of grounds, overlooking the sea. Repts, singles, couples welcome. Sauna, Jacuzzi, sunbed. Naturist environment. Tel 03486 223 (95/09)

Cornwall South Coast. Naturist accommodation facing sea, superb scenery, sun lounge, private gardens, relaxed atmosphere, jacuzzi, sauna, coastal walks. Box No. 3850 (95-10)

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FRIENDSHIP

Seeking Naturists, communes couples, companions of similar mind? Penfriends in all areas and throughout USA worldwide. Stamp please, Baraka H, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool, L15 3HT. (95/11)

Gentleman (60), energetic, generous, versatile, full of fun seeks lads up to 25 for companionship, trips, visits, happy times, naturist joy, will travel. Photo appreciated. Box 3846 (95/09)

Male Naturist, 46, central London, seeks new friends from near and far. Why not give me a call? Tel: 071 916 0899. (95/11)

Young Naturist Guy, considered very attractive. Slim boyish figure, very easy going, would like to correspond/meet females/couples. Box 3853. (95/11)

MAKE FRIENDS with others interested in naturism, stress-free living, alternative therapies, all outdoor pursuits and green issues, etc. SAE: NATURAL FRIENDS (HE), 15 BENYON GARDENS, CULFORD, SUFFOLK, IP28 6EA. 0284 728315. (96/01)

FUN

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Fat & Ugly

It's amazing how those two words "fat" and "ugly" go so easily together. Why is the "fat" form ugly? One of the reasons I have bought your magazine for twenty years is because it is the only place I can find pictures of big men.

It takes a lot of courage to actually come out and say that you find larger people sexy. The older I become, the more I realise that I am not alone, and there are now social groups worldwide which allow big guys to meet without the world calling them ugly.

Using terms like "fat and ugly" even in an ironic piece, is the same as all the fashion magazines which pretend that people only come in one size.

Please end this "thin fashion" and make my month and print lots of beefier guys (and girls).

G.R., MERSEYSIDE.

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IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE TOPIC AGAIN ...

I read with some amusement the letter from C.W. who is married to one of those pathetic men who whinges and whines about having their foreskins snipped off as babies. As one who had the operation at the tender age of 30, I can assure these cry-babies that they are not missing much. Performance is in no way diminished and the loss of sensitivity is greatly exaggerated - a truth borne out by the fact that premature ejaculation remains the most common sexual problems in the USA where circumcision is the norm.

Comparisons with arbitrary nipple removal are an absurd fantasy as is the claim that reasons for circumcision are "spurious". Tight foreskins are a very common problem and can ruin sex life. It is also well established that penile cancer (admittedly rare anyway) is almost unheard of in circumcised men and a recent study showed that circumcised boys are 10 to 20 times less susceptible to urinary tract

and bladder infections than their uncut peers. Arguments about simple hygiene being all that's needed are negated by the fact (horrible but true!) that many boys and men just don't bother and, as for pain, has nobody ever heard of a local anaesthetic?

Nature gave males foreskins but also gave everyone an appendix - a fact which nearly killed my father. The foreskin probably evolved as a protection for the sensitive glans when our ape ancestors were walking naked through long grass and prickly (no pun intended) bushes on the African Savannah. Nowadays even nudists do not normally encounter such conditions so the advantage has long gone (but the disadvantages remain). Of course this does not stop the anti-circumcision brigades (like "NOHARMM") whose emotional arguments are strikingly reminiscent of those of the now almost forgotten anti-vaccination crusades between the world wars. There is nothing wrong with male circumcision.

° S.M., CHESHIRE.

Fifty Not Out!

After reading the article in Vol. 95 No. 1 entitled "All over-40's should be forced to put their clothes on - true or false" we felt "forced" to put the enclosed pics in the post to you.

As far as we are concerned it is false. We are both just over 50 and

we think, looking good, with no inclination to keep our clothes on, as yet anyway.

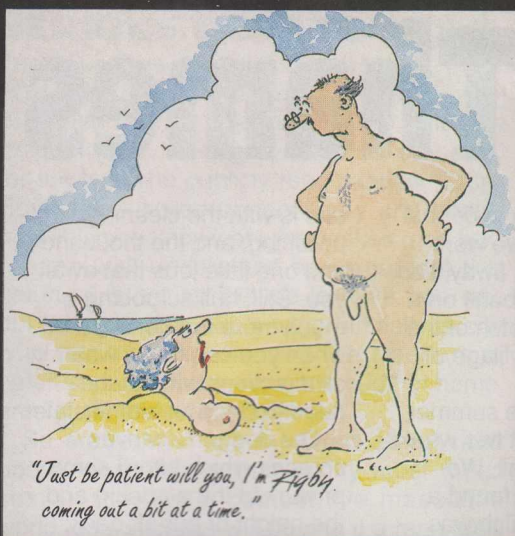
We would both be delighted to have this picture published

Very much enjoy your magazine - keep up the good work.

R.J., GLOUCESTER.



Fiftysomething and looking good.



SIZE DOESN'T MATTER?

Penis size shouldn't matter, so we are told, but to all too many it does! I sincerely believe that "Health and Efficiency" is leading the way towards a saner outlook on this matter because oddly enough, there are males who are actually embarrassed by being what they consider to be too well endowed.

As one who, in my adolescent years, was acutely worried and reluctant to undress in front of my peers because of the obvious interest that was aroused, I can vouch for this.

"Health and Efficiency" helps because in any issue we can see everything from the minuscule to the gigantic. The sooner male nudity, with full-frontals, becomes common place, the sooner we shall have a healthier attitude to our bodies.

Naturists are the exception but in the rest of male society it is almost always true that only the apparently adequately endowed will reveal their genitals.

Fear of what others may think of us causes a great deal of unhappiness - both to those who feel they haven't enough to those who feel they have too much.

When anyone refers to someone being well endowed almost invariably they are referring to the penis in its relaxed rather than its erect state - we don't see too many of the latter if we did then I'm certain that the statistic which indicate that 80/90% of all men have penises of very similar size would be readily perceived to be true and a lot of groundless worries would be dispelled. I'm not suggesting that "Health and Efficiency" could produce pages of before and after pictures but I do hope that the medical profession might be interested in investigating the matter.

After all, the state of our bodies, particularly in this area, may be a clue to the state of our health. The question is, is there a medical explanation, a clue to our general health, concerning the ability or otherwise of the penis to shrivel away to nothing in some men whilst others remain very near full size even when not sexually aroused.

M.D., DONCASTER.

Naked on the Thames



Messing about by the river.

No it wasn't in central London, we were 100 miles away, tied up to the bank on a quiet peaceful stretch of the river close to the village of Goring.

It was during the summer, which was the last two weeks of June if you recall. We appeared to have found a section of river which was between cruising areas for the hire craft. We encountered many on our travels further up river, and even more down stream, but here we were almost alone.

The boat batteries were fully charged, we had a full tank of water and our fridge was full. More importantly we had a healthy stock of wine on board and we could therefore relax for a few days.

Any boat owner will know that relaxing on a boat depends on how far behind

one is with the cleaning, polishing, and the thousand and one little jobs that await you. Still, hull scrubbing is much more fun done naked when you can throw water in all directions without the need to dry your clothes later.

Our dodgers (canvas screens which afford some privacy to the aft deck) and the height of our aft deck, meant that very few passing boats could "look in" on us sunbathing.

The other pleasurable aspect of isolated riverside moorings is being able to breakfast naked. In marinas one is always conscious of having to put something on before leaving the bedroom.

Dinner was a far more formal affair with silk sarongs being the preferred dress, well one can't drink Sainsbury's best plonk without some formality.

By JOYCE AND KIETH

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SERIOUS DEBATE

Just purchasing H&E for the first time, attracted by "Find a nudist lover", I feel prompted to write after reading the article by Irene Hoppe. I, being a male felt very sorry for the way she publicly reprimanded "Essex Boy", I felt it was unnecessary and shows how little she knows of what makes men tick.

I can well understand her argument that naturism is not an excuse to have free sex, but this guy was expressing himself as one who had not experienced the freedom of naturism, as he had only gone nude at home, hardly a liberated triumph!

So many men are inhibited about their bodies and believe that nudity must mean sex. In the highly competitive masculine world, only success will do and if a man feels he is sexually successful, he will see this a green light to put it up front (excuse the term), as if it will impress but of course it rarely does.

Probably most men can only see a naked woman, as being either a model or to have sex with, and a naked man as either being a Chippendale or homosexual, there are no grey areas for most and this is a sad indictment.

I have been amazed, when visiting a gym and having a sauna afterwards to find teenagers sitting in swimming trunks, presumably for fear of exposing themselves, what does this mean for their attitude towards sex?

I believe this to be a serious issue for debate when talking about naturism, surely if everyone felt free to take their clothes off in front of others, the sexual fears and prejudices that so many people have would easily dissolve.

While everything is under wraps, it is bound to be secretive, creating false concerns and negative attitudes. Let's be more up front with everything, for the benefit of all.

G.W., CHESHIRE.

CCBN: "BORING" NATURISM

We're writing to you with a plea for more articles on clothes optional resorts and beaches both here in the U.K. and abroad. As far as the Central Council for British Naturism is concerned, there can be no room for the existence of such places in the world of naturism.

We are sure that like us, many readers have friends or family who would like to go on holiday or attend swims etc. with them, but are prohibited from doing so because they don't want to part company with their swimming costume.

We constantly read that the naturist movement needs to increase its numbers and campaign for free beaches, but we must not let that strange "TEXTILE" see what we are doing or allow them to join in. If the type of environment we are looking for exists, then please let's see them in print. Many thanks for a very informative magazine.

K.W., DORSET.



Dressed to impress
at Puerto Banus.

First-Timers in Andalucia

Málaga is the gateway to both the smartest resorts of the glitteratti and to Andalucia, with its white-washed Moorish villages and breathtaking mountain scenery.

We stayed at the Club Bena Ista Complex, an hour's drive south from there. Although it's not officially naturist, after inquiring at reception they shrugged their shoulders and said as it was private you could do anything you wanted. So it was breakfast nude on the balcony the following day much to the surprise of our neighbours, who politely pretended not to have noticed.

We took a trip to Puerto Banus, an international resort five kilometres from Marbella and renowned as a playground for the rich and famous. The yachts and cruisers moored in the marina are sleek, gleaming and worth millions. The beach itself is clean, sheltered and good for sunbathing.

Although we went nude, a local waitress latter told us that while topless sunbathing is accepted, complete nudity is illegal. With this in mind the next day we were a bit



Adapting to local customs -
siesta!

more discreet, but never had any problems. She recommended Costa Natura, a naturist resort near Estepona renowned for its friendly atmosphere.

Contact Peng for more details on naturist holidays in Spain. 86 Station Road, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex. RM2 6DB.

BY KATHY SMART



Smart move but slightly illegal.

THE NAKED CITY

When we moved to London we had no garden, but it wasn't all doom and gloom. The huge triple glazed windows of our south facing flat gave the main room a kind of conservatory effect, catching every last drop of sunlight even in winter-time.

Sandwiched between the upper and the lower floors, with the latest and most efficient central heating and insulation systems now installed in most modern buildings, no matter what the weather outside it's always warm and cosy inside our little flat.

As luck would have it, we are not overlooked and it was not long before we realised that there was no real need to wear clothes at all.

An extra bonus was that unlike our home in the country, we couldn't even be disturbed by the unexpected

(and sometimes un-expecting) visitor, as here we had adequate warning from the video entry-phone, once I had mastered the hang of working it.

The only time we needed to dress was to go out. Mind you, that in itself was not as easy as it sounds. Totally insulated against the outside elements we often had no idea just how cold it really was in the open air.

After one or two major errors of judgement, when we shivered our way around the local supermarket wearing neither suitable under or over-clothing, we took to testing the air as it were before venturing out properly.

A volunteer (usually Barbara) would go down into the courtyard first and report back on the most suitable clothing requirements needed for the day.



Time out in the city.



Getting fruity in the kitchen.



It's not all fun for naturists ...



... but at least there's no ironing.

It was the first time in my many years of work that I have been able to be entirely naked for long periods of time. Not only was this most enjoyable in itself but I also found that it added considerably to my concentration.

My regular work for the most part consisted of complicated legal documentation and to give me a mental break in between times, I began to write the odd magazine article.

As well as my own work, Barbara assures me there are no problems either with doing the normal jobs of cleaning, cooking and all kinds of housework in the nude.

She does have to put something on when she cleans the windows mind you, and whoever's turn it is to fry the morning bacon has to be a little more careful.

Other than that our sudden change in life has turned out to be a better one than we originally thought.

By M. GREGOR

HOT SHOTS

If you want to see that magnificent body of yours staring out from these pages, send your best pics in to: Hot Shots, H&E, 1st Floor, 64 Great Eastern Street, London EC2A 3QR.



A natural at yoga.



Brown on white



Nautical naturism.



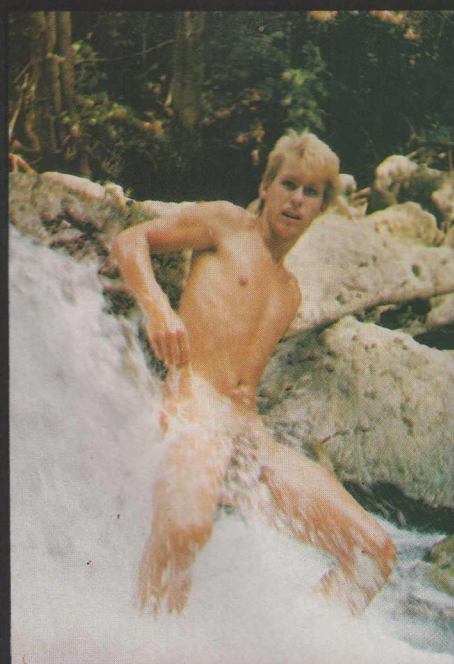
You'll never catch a naturist sitting on the fence.



A rocky moment for a naturist from Oz.



Relaxed on the rocks by Relax Nat.



Waterfall climbing.



Posing in the long grass.



Roll up ... it's circus time.



A jazzy number from Holland.



An idyllic spot for a German naturist.

MAN

of the MONTH

It was a close shave but sneaking into the top spot this month is Jeff from Somerset. You may remember him as one of the founders of the famous Smoothie Club. Not sure about those socks though.



Dressed to impress.



Smoother than smooth.



"See ... no hair anywhere!"

YOUR DESIRES ARE MY BUSINESS

I receive quite a few letters accusing me of being a formidable censor. Why am I censoring *depilated women, they demand?* Or mature people? Or fat women? As if I'm the sort of forbidding headmistress wielding the rod and the red pen.

H&E, along with all magazines in the country does suffer under censorship in obvious and not so obvious ways. But I can assure you that I am not on a mission to deprive our readers of what they desire.

Why do we use so few pictures of mature women – and cropped so small? Well the answer is that big, mature women rarely send in their pictures. And if they do, chances are, the photography's of poor quality.

Basically, if readers send in a set of good quality photographs of themselves or their friends (with model releases) in a good naturist setting, we'll publish one or more of them.

I'm not trying to deprive you, but give you exactly what you want. It's up to you.

Kate Sturdy
Managing Editor

Next Month:

- It's in his kiss!
- What men look for in a woman
- Costa del nude
- What's wet, warm and sexy?

STAND UP
AND BE
COUNTED LOADSAMONEY!
WIN



SUPPORTING NATURISM
H&E INTERNATIONAL
NATURISM DAY
AUGUST 29th

MAKE NEW FRIENDS

H&E Naturism Day!

H&E is celebrating naturism all over the country with a brilliant Naturism Day on August 29th, bank holiday monday.

Miss H&E will be handing out loadsamoney to lucky people in Edinburgh Princes Street, Blackpool Pleasure Beach, Whitley Bay beach in Tyne and Wear, Rhyl Sun Centre in North Wales, Alton Towers in Staffordshire, Pier Beach in Great Yarmouth, Brighton nudist Beach, Studland Bay in Bournemouth, Eastney Beach in Portsmouth and on Margate's famous golden mile!

All you have to do is make sure the you're at one of the locations above wearing your H&E badge which you'll find affixed to the cover of this issue. Miss H&E will be in the designated areas between 2.30 and 3.30 pm wearing something with a distinctive H&E logo. If you see her challenge her and receive £20 in cash immediately. What a great way to spend your bank holiday!

See your local press, or phone 071 253 4037 for further details

Kenneth James happily bought his son a computer to further his education: but soon discovered the boy was specialising in other subjects: naked women.

We naturists are a smug lot. We've been stonewalling our critics for so long, we now take for granted the claims that we make in the defence of naturism. The standard opener, of course, is to say that we do it "for the sake of our children" to make sure that they develop a healthy attitude to sex and to their bodies.

And yes, because we remember the embarrassment and pains that we experienced when growing up, there is a ready acceptance that our own children must somehow be better balanced than us and free from the hang-ups we endured.

But how closely do we really look at them?

Take my son. Aged 13, he is outwardly very normal. He is happy to go naked with other youngsters at our local sun club, and seems a stranger to the usual torments of adolescence. At school his progress has been admirable, and he is a leading member of the computer club.

His intended career is in computing, so I was quite happy to buy him an old PC to help him with his work. Of course, I shared the concerns of other parents about him turning into some sort of game playing zombie, but when he's closeted in his room there are no sounds of zapping guns or rockets - just the occasional clicking of the keyboard.

When I've asked him what he does in there, he replies "Oh programming, Dad ... You wouldn't understand it" and given my lack of

PORN PROGRAMS

knowledge about computers I've been quite happy to leave him to it. Last month, however, a colleague came round to carry out some upgrading of the PC and I was staggered by what he found.

I suggested (with a note of pride) that he ought to try

running one of my son's programmes and we rummaged around till we found a box of floppy disks.

They were in fact computerised images which we looked at through a graphics package my boy had copied from

one of his friends.

The stuff was almost photographic quality and we could see in great detail a good deal more than is on show at my local naturist beach. What my son and his chums had been doing, was copying pornographic pictures from "billboards" located abroad, and accessible via the telephone line.

In fairness to the boy, most was mainstream (though hard) porn and wasn't the sicker variety that one reads about in the tabloids. What was shocking, though, was the way in which he had used the graphics package to alter existing images to suit his

own rather peculiar tastes.

For the uninitiated, this software is so sophisticated that one can alter the colour and tone of an image and create seamless joins between different areas. Thus, one can do in a matter of minutes what would take hours working with conventional prints in a dark room. My lad had taken beach shots of various celebrities (presumably scanned from "Hello" type magazines) and "air brushed" out their swimsuits.

This was so convincing that I honestly believed they were genuine nude photos and that I'd uncovered some secret naturists among the rich and famous. (Princess Di will never seem the same again!).

In Britain, this has meant that a whole new market has opened up, since our laws are designed to allow customs seizures of mail, etc. rather than stopping images coming down the phone lines.

Computers also allow pornography to step beyond the simple representation of sexual acts found in magazines and videos, and to incorporate an interactive element.

This has come to fruition

with the development of Compact-Disk-Interactive, or CDI. Because this allows more storage than magnetic disks, the games can be much larger and umpteen alternative scenarios can be stored, only one of which will be initiated at any one time by a player. (Needless to say, my boy already had this on his Christmas shopping list; a note which Santa will now never receive.

In porn, of course, alternative scenarios really means alternative perversions,' and we step even further away from the simple depiction of sexual activity.

As a naturist, what is truly galling about all this is the extent to which people will go to replicate, or recreate, something which should be perfectly natural. It seems incredible to me that there are people around who need to employ a spin-off from the space project in order to induce an orgasm, and even more bewildering that my own son seems to be going down this same path. I had thought, rather foolishly, that I had set him a good enough example, and that all naturists were above such childish vulgarity. I admit I was wrong, and I now believe

that my naturist lifestyle has, if anything, blinkered me to the seedier side of the reality around me. I urge you to learn from my mistakes, and to look at your children more closely. If you have a son who's been complaining of "repetitive strain injury" in his wrist, the cause may not be what you think...

"I was convinced I'd discovered some secret naturists among the rich and famous."

"My son's CD promoted Repetitive Strain Injury - in his wrist"

The Gallery

Naturists can be anybody, from the girl next door to your boss. The stars within the pages of H&E and on our videos are exactly those kind of people. This is why we thought it would be a wonderful idea for them to let us have some photographs of themselves, practising naturism as they want to how they want to. Luckily they agreed, which means that H&E is proud to present two picture pack collections to date, the first featuring Vanessa, Diana, Petra, Mike, Ian and Marianne, with signed photographs from the first three. The second includes the snaps from Bareboat Odyssey and Treasured Island as well as pictures of English roses in the Country Set and dusky beauties in the Ebony Set.



The first collection is just £10 incl. and the second collection comes at the great price of £11 incl.

(Both are presented in quality gold embossed wallets, 7" x 5")

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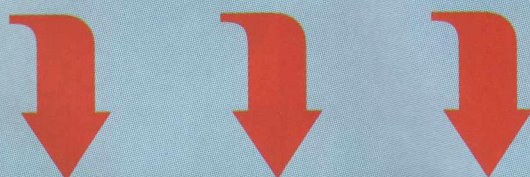
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H&E NATURIST FILM SERVICE

Dear Reader,

If you are a subscriber we also offer 50p off vouchers with each film you send in. Plain envelopes are used to return your prints, ones that will pass through a standard sized letter box. Please ensure that you send us your films in strong envelopes, and it is best if you put a label or slip of paper attached to each film cassette, giving your name and address. By the way, even though we are designed to cater for the naturist photographer, films of other topics are just as welcome. So...**ENJOY!**

naturally yours,

Mike Herring

Mike Herring LBIPP (professional naturist photographer)

One price for all sizes:-	Films and Slides	£4.99
	<i>(Your prints are jumbo size gloss and slides are with mounts)</i>	
Colour Enlargements:-	7x5	£1.65
	10x8	£3.50
Mini Posters:-	15x12	£5.99
Black and White Prints:-	5x3½	£4.99

Half frames extra £4.99 please. Extra prints at time of processing £2.49. Reprints (6x4) 35p each (Please send negatives uncut).

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